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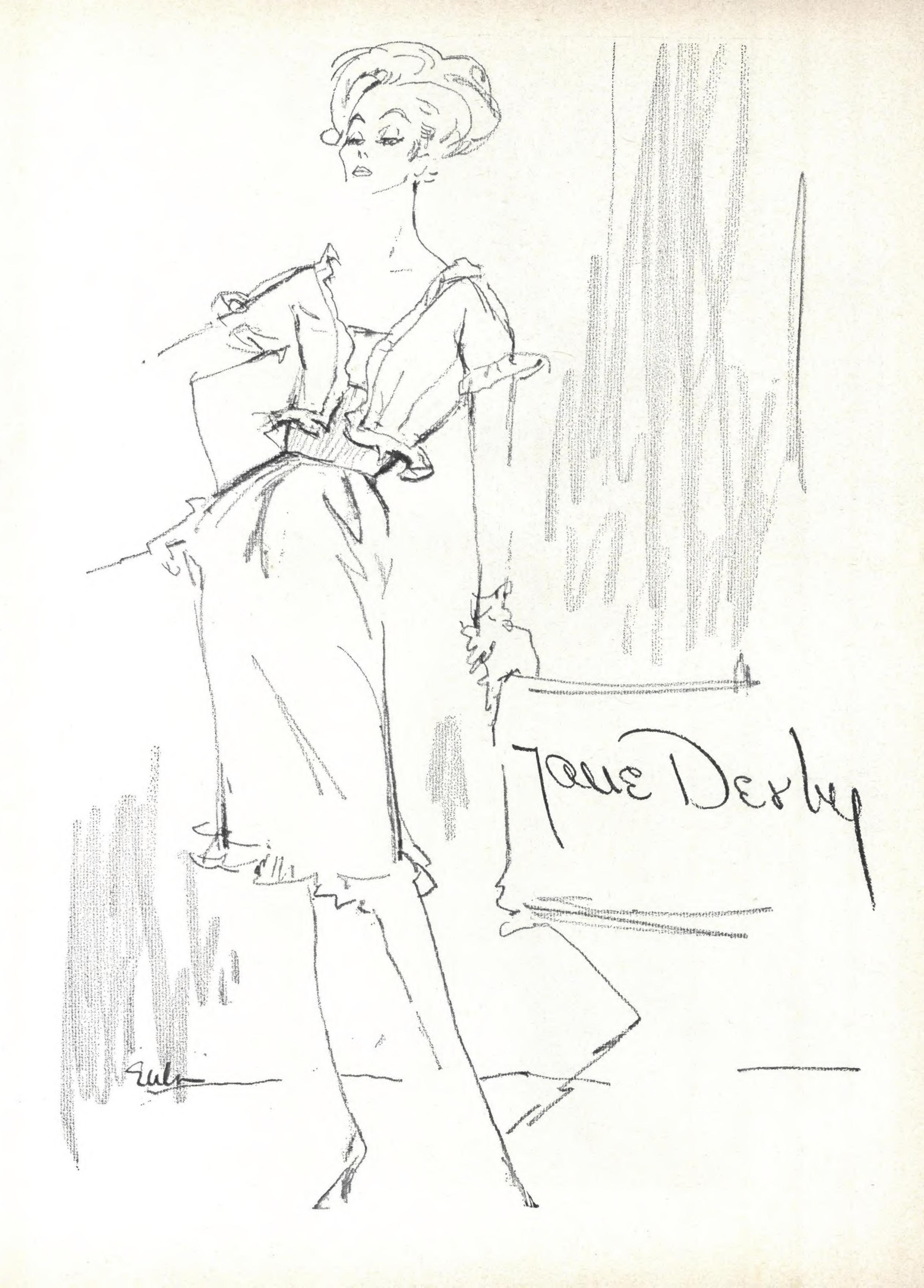
#### Sailing 'Round the World May 27

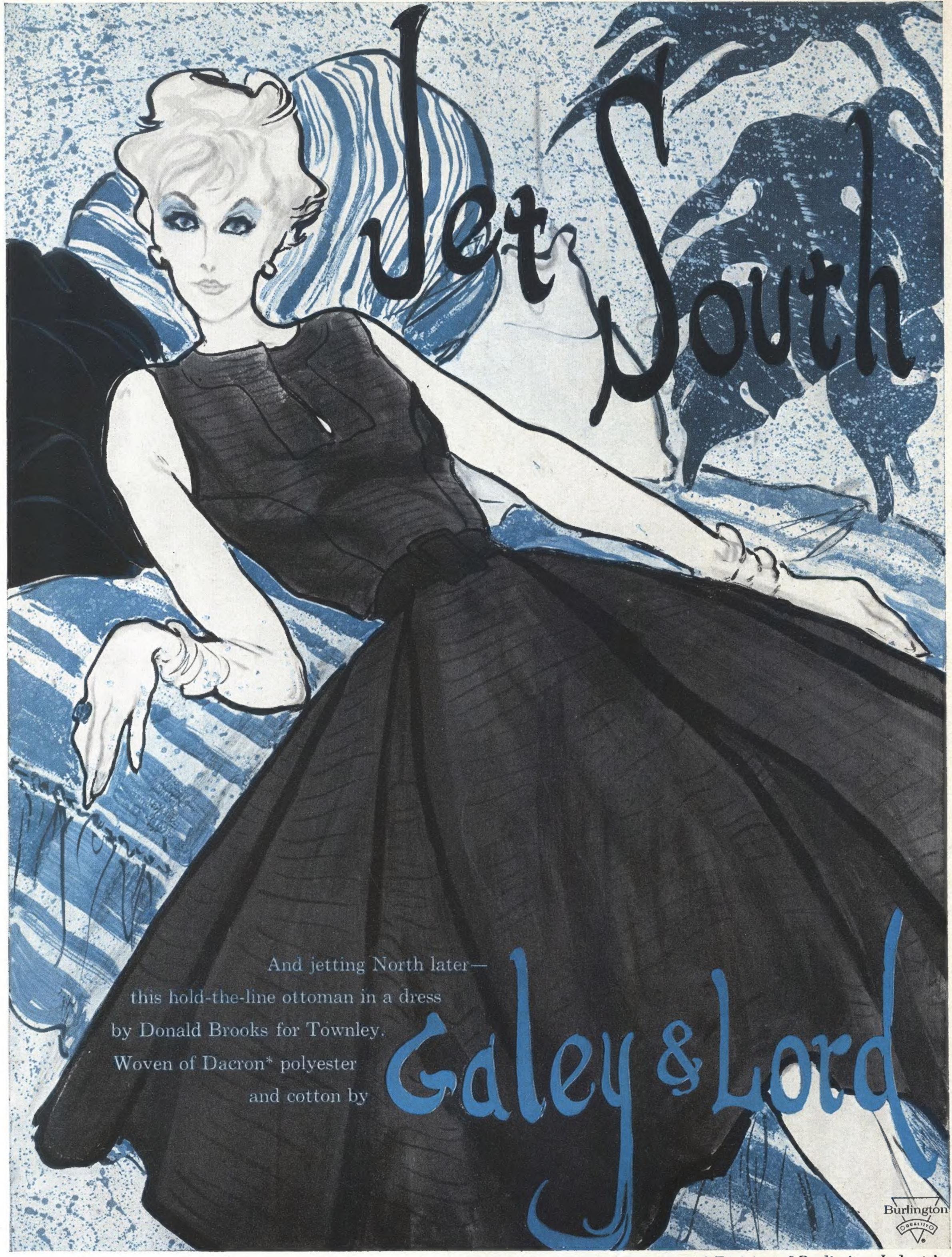
Talfway between two worlds! Gliding through the Suez Canal, your great President Liner leaves behind the romance of the fabled Orient . . . Japan, Hong Kong, Malaya, India, Pakistan. Ahead lie Alexandria, Port Said, the blue waters of the Mediterranean . . . Naples, Marseille, Genoa, Leghorn.

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I. S.V. - PATCÉVITCH Publisher

#### JANUARY 15, 1961

#### COVER

On the new fashion wave for dressing by the year, this easy little jersey suit in bright, gone-up-in-flames red—the kind of long-term clothes investment that pays off most months of the year in most climates, here and abroad. It's soft, slender; the waist is caught by a black calfskin belt with a hairbow bow. By Frechtel, about \$225. Polava beige gloves. Both at Bonwit Teller. Suit, also at Julius Garfinckel; Montaldo's; I. Magnin. Pale stockings by Belle-Sharmeer; Palizzio shoes; both at Lord & Taylor. Gold and diamond jewellery by Verdura.



FRANCES MCLAUGHLIN-GILL

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# LITTORAL

#### LUNCHEON-

Lobster or shrimps

Here, a luncheon menu with two recipes.

The menu:

LOBSTER MAYONNAISE

or

SHRIMP BISQUE

Hot Rolls

Mixed Green Salad
LEMON CHIFFON PIE
WITH COCONUT CRUST

The recipes:

From Dione Lucas

Note: All these separate ingredients can be prepared ahead of time and assembled later.

2 cups rice
3 shredded tomatoes
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
Spicy French dressing
Pieces of cold boiled lobster
2 egg yolks
Coarse pepper
Dry mustard
2 tablespoons vinegar or lemon
juice
1½ cups oil
2 tablespoons cream
Little tomato pulp

Boil rice, drain, and wash in cold water. Put in a bowl and add the tomatoes, skinned and seeded, and the parsley. Mix with French dressing and arrange in long shape on a serving dish, covering top with pieces of cold boiled lobster. Then pour over the following mayonnaise:

Put in a bowl egg yolks, pepper, mustard, and vinegar or lemon juice. Then carefully beat in the oil. When thoroughly mixed, add cream and the tomato pulp. Spread over the top of the lobster and serve.

SHRIMP BISQUE

From Dione Lucas

1 pound flounder bones
¼ cup dry white wine
6 pints water
Salt and pepper
1 carrot
1 onion
8 tablespoons fat
4 tablespoons flour
1 bay leaf

1 pound raw shrimps
1 tablespoon tomato paste

½ cup thin cream

1 tablespoon chopped parsley Croutons

Put the fish bones, wine, 4 pints of water, and seasoning in a pan. Bring to a boil; add the carrot and onion, boil down to 1½ pints, and strain. Melt 2 tablespoons of the fat; stir in the flour, and pour it into the strained fish stock. Stir until the soup comes to a boil. Add the bay leaf and simmer for 15 minutes.

Bring the shrimps to a boil in 2 pints of water, strain, and crush fine in a wooden bowl. Then crush in the remaining fat; rub through a hair sieve and add, bit by bit, to the soup, the shrimp butter obtained. Mix in the tomato paste. Add a little extra seasoning and the cream and parsley. Remove the bay leaf and serve with small croutons of fried bread. One or two whole shrimps may be reserved and chopped to be added to the soup as a garnish. Serves four.

This recipe may be used for lobster, using the entire crushed lobster shell instead of the whole lobster for the butter, and adding a little chopped lobster meat to the soup as a garnish.



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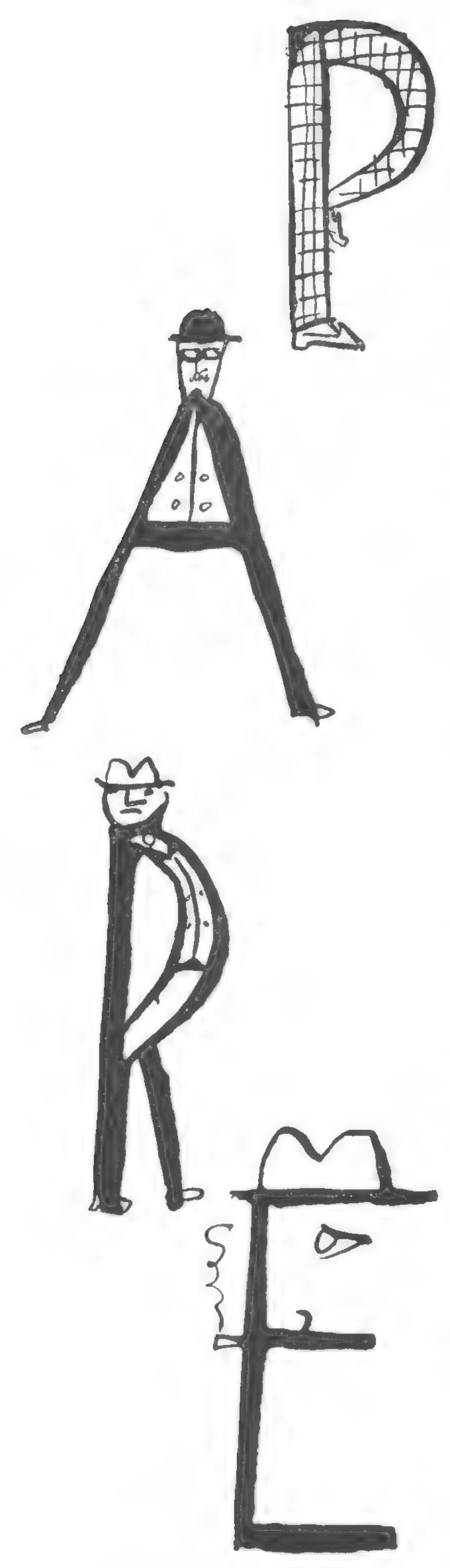
Chiableth Stewart SWIMWEAR



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# WHAT'S NEWABOUT MEN'S CLOTHES

Progress report BY GERALD McCANN



What men's clothes are now is pared down—this phrase applies not only to suits but to an entire look that includes hat, shoes, collar, tie (and perhaps, due to Metrecal, the man himself). This paring down, according to tailors, amounts to a real revolution the first noticeable change they have known for something like forty years. Since 1912, when pleats in trousers were first introduced in London, changes in men's clothes have progressed with a speed comparable to that of slow-melting glaciers—these changes being measured in eighths, even sixteenths, of inches. Men with beautifully made suits wore them for years and prided themselves on the fact—"bought this under Coolidge, by gad!"—comparing vintage tweeds at their clubs. Now men are realizing, with some embarrassment, that some of their old favourites look definitely dated. One masterly New York tailor, who makes clothes for some of the best-dressed men in the world, tells us that many of his most conservative customers are now asking for jackets that fit more closely, for narrower lapels, and narrower trousers with neither pleats nor cuffs. He even finds himself occasionally dissuading these customers from going to extremes about paring down, tactfully explaining that a single shallow trouser pleat not only looks well, but eases entry into the pockets. Paring down of men's clothes started in earnest about five years ago, this fashion current blowing from Italy—since "pared down" is the keynote of Italian fashions. The trend started, surprisingly, not in the top brackets of tailoring, but several brackets below. Men who had worn grotesque jackets, over-long and over-stuffed, suddenly went far to the right with the Ivy League idea: no shoulder padding, no trouser pleats, not much shape. After this came the Continental idea which, in its extremes, was all too shaped, with tight short jackets sharply cut away at front, and too-tight trousers. Although competent tailors never endorsed the extreme versions of Ivy League or Continental shapes, they have adopted the modified versions for their customers who, at first, tried them on gingerly—and then retreated back into their traditional cuts. By now, however, these pared down lines have established themselves as a new tradition, and the undeniable influence on men's clothes in 1961. Fabrics. During the last decade, American men have come to realize that the medium-to-light weights of fabrics are the most comfortable most of the time. In well-heated—not to say overheated—houses and offices, heavy fabrics are not usually necessary, although some men have continued to order them because they held their shape and creases better than many of the lightweights. Dacron blended with wool has done a lot for the crease-keeping situation and blends of this kind have been extremely successful in tropical weights. Now, Dacron-blends are available in yearround weights, and in various textures—smooth, closely woven cloth for business suits; soft flannels; loosely woven tweeds that sag not, neither do they wear out easily. In evening clothes, too, men are ordering lighter-weight fabrics; the reason, pure unformalized comfort. (Continued on page 18)



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#### WHAT'S NEW

IN

#### MEN'S

#### **CLOTHES**

(Continued from page 14)

colours. Though it would be newsworthy to be able to report that men's colours have some exciting innovations, it simply isn't true. The correct suit colours remain dark—dark greys predominate, followed by dark blues, browns, some dark olive-greens. This, in tweeds as well as flannels. Occasionally, a glimmer of a lighter shade breaks through, but generally men are reluctant to wear lighter or brighter colours (except at resorts).

waistcoats. These, which just about went into extinction during and after World War II, are coming back in 1961. (This eclipse wasn't total, however: Brooks Brothers, in response to emphatic demands of customers, went right on making them, all these years, for everything but tropical-weight suits.) With its reappearance, the waistcoat gives a suit a look of completeness, holds a flipping tie in place, covers a shirt that's often too apt to blouse (a look that unflatters a man).

shirt collars have shorter, pared-down points, and spread just enough to accommodate the knot of a tie. The very wide-spread collar has all but disappeared, and with it, the Windsor knot that the Duke of Windsor never wore. White is still the primary shirt colour, trailed at a distance by light blue. One occasional switch from these is the pin-striped business shirt—possibly fine black or blue lines on white.

TIES. This may be a heartbreaking picture for some men—the weeding out of old favourites that have got to go because they're too wide. Anything over  $2\frac{1}{2}$ " at the bottom should be retired, and many very good ties seen now are even narrower. To be avoided: bootlace extremes.

HATS. Paring down of hats has been going on for some time now, with both American and English hatmakers going along with the

trend. (See Changes, January 1 Vogue.) Significant note: even Lock & Co., London's famous hatter to crowned heads, peers, diplomats, has altered the proportions of some of their hats for the first time in—again—forty years. The new proportions are considerably smaller than those that were classic for all those years; brims are down to 17/8", crowns more tapered, bands narrower. Not so long ago, a 21/8" brim was considered short; now, 11/8" is about standard everywhere—even in Texas. Hats now are being made of textured felts, rather than smooth ones. Silky naps, scratch felts for country, pebble grains. and suède finishes are seen, some with narrow self bands or inchwide bands of wool braid. Also for country: velours with cords instead of bands. In general, hats are dark brown, grey, black; an increasing number of olive-greens are around, and they look very well with the tans and browns of tweeds and cheviots.

SHOES. Along with narrower trousers (17" at the bottoms, instead of the former 19" or 20"), the natural corollary is shoes that look narrower than the good sturdy widths men have been happy with for years. Most shoe manufacturers are producing slimmer looking lasts, and some have adapted Italian ideas of style to American ideas of comfort and durability. For example, a two-eyelet tie, made of sturdy grained leather with a substantial sole, has a toe that's tapered to a rounded (but not sharp) point. The look of slimness has been achieved without sacrifice of foot room by shaving the sole close to the upper part, and by tapering the heel slightly at the back and sides. Again here, the principle of the new pared-downness-simply removing unnecessary bulk, width, weight, and acquiring, as a result, a new kind of "rightness."

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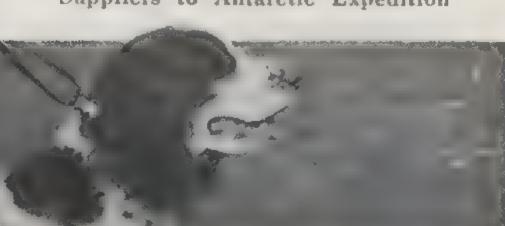
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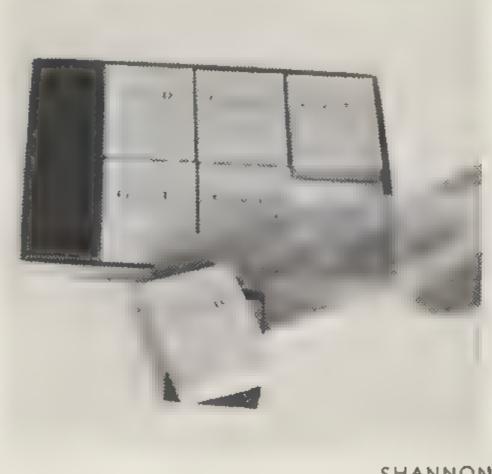
... mid-January finds

The return of parted hair with new interest in non-symmetry as seen in a short, polished coiffure. How it's done: shaped close to the head at one side, to smooth heights on the other. Mr. Rudolf of the Beverly Salon, 125 E. 50th St., N. Y.



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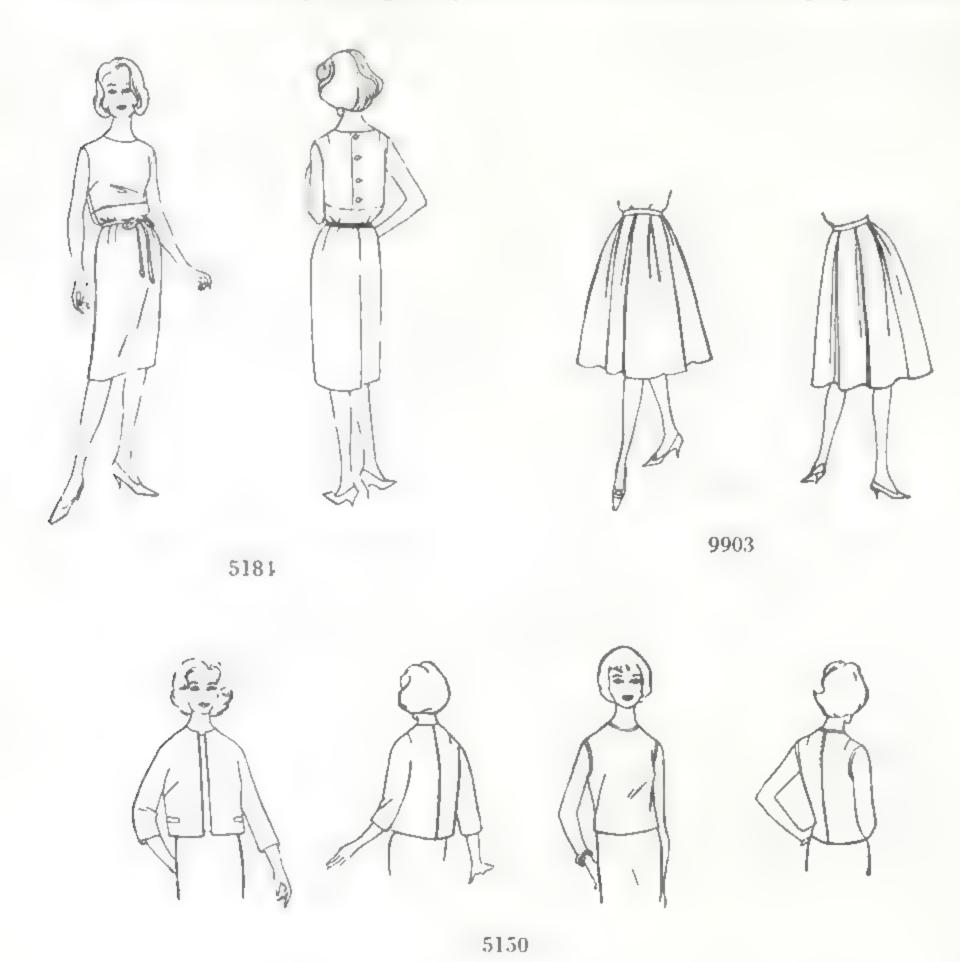


SHANNON

Tangerine silk top with velvet buttons, paired with a long, easy evening skirt of Italian cotton brocade—tangerine on pale yellow—with a tall velveteen waistband. Made to measure; top, \$56.95; skirt, \$96.95 both ppd. Sweaters by Pamela, 3 East 80th Street, N. Y. 21. PRICES PLUS POSTAGE, UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED

#### VOGUE PATTERNS

(Other views, sizes, yardages of the Patterns shown on pages 84-85)



Top, left: Striped dress, here un-striped—Vogue Pattern 5184, in sizes 10 to 18. Size 14 requires 2 yards of 54" fabric. \$1. Top, right: Skirt with all-around box-pleats, to be pressed or unpressed. Vogue Pattern 9903, in waist sizes 24" to 30". Skirt yardage for waist-size 26": 2% yards of 60" fabric. Price, 60c. Directly above: Jacket and blouse (that team with the skirt above); Vogue Pattern 5150, in sizes 10 to 18. For both, in size 14, 1% yards of 60" fabric; jacket lining, 1% yards of 40" fabric. 75c.

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## WOGUE

JANUARY 15, 1961



RAWLINGS

Vogue's eye view of breaking through the clichés If you've ever, late in August, regretted the little fur you stored in April; ever jetted off from New York on a mild summer evening, and put down in London-chilled-on a chilly morning six hours later; ever, in the dead of winter, craved the flattery of so called "summer" colours if you have, and haven't done a thing about it, it's our guess that you're being cheated out of much of the pleasure in fashion by some of the mossiest old clichés we know. Our object this issue: to explode them all—the colour clichés (tell us what, in five words or less, limits pink to summer), fabric clichés (try remembering a June that didn't have a woolly day in it), fur clichés (think-hardof a month when the little bias of mink on page 32 wouldn't be keenly missed—air conditioning considered, as well as snow). As for the athletic type in the photograph above: just a reminder that the distance between winter and some sun-struck place is often a matter of two jet-hours now, and a bathing suit, therefore, as never-out-of-season as strawberries—or the clothes on the next fourteen pages.



# Never-out-ofseason clothes

Vogue's 14-page guide to looks with a run-of-the-year fashion contract

Ordinarily we're as unmoved by statistics as the next; these figures, though, which are a matter of record at the U.S. Weather Bureau, have a certain pointed fascination we think: on a day well into May of last year, the temperature in New York City was 43 degrees; some two weeks before Christmas, 62. Which was not only very warm for December and very brisk for May but, we'd imagine, extremely disconcerting for anyone whose clothes-life was geared to the myth that holds that winter is for wool and furs; spring is when you store them; April and September are specifically suit months; and thin little unsleeved dresses are what you wear in summer -only. Well, nonsense is what we say to that-have been, in fact, saying for some time (with special emphasis since jet travel has expanded many women's lives to world-wide dimensions). The one sure thing about weather in a temperate climate—whether it's New York or Paris or San Francisco—is that it's sometimes warm, sometimes cool, and it's often difficult to predict just when. What is predictable is this: the woman who plans her clothes-life without these facts in mind is taking a giant step behind the fashion-time. The woman who's with it, on the other hand, has probably sized up the news at left, and adjusted her suit-thinking this way: if it's sensational this minute, why wouldn't it be heaven to have around in June? It would, since it's a brink-of-white kind of beige, and colour-bright or this pale-doesn't merely break through the season-barrier; it simply and firmly demolishes it. (Chiffon is famous for the same genial indifference to season, as are little jersey-nothings, wool or silky.) Nor does the woman thinking '61-ward flinch at the idea of winter indoors without sleeves—after all, her fashion-vision is 20-20 and heating is central (and if she happens to find herself sleeveless in London, that's why little token jackets were born). She's the same woman, probably, who didn't—until now—think of wearing a dress that's gauzy as organza to a winter ball (will, before January is out). The idea is not, of course, that every look on these fourteen pages will work every day of the year-a heat wave is obviously not the moment for the great white coat on page 29 (but its moment might well be a day—or a jet—later). This is the point: there's an enlightened new wave of thinking in fashion now, and the clothes that are sweeping in on it are as impossible to pigeonhole by calendar as the weather itself; bought at any stop along the year, the never-out-of-season dress or coat or suit is fashion-for the year.

Suit stamp of the year—

all year—the pale suit for town

Left: As 1961 as a daily suit can be, this suit is—near white, without a troubled line in its body. To wear: cities anywhere in the world. When: whenever not? Crocheted wool tweed, shown here with the surprise of a navy-blue silk crêpe blouse, dark red straw hat. All: Christian Dior-New York. Koret handbag. All at Saks Fifth Avenue. Suit also Harzfeld's; Neiman-Marcus.



Above: When records are made for a season-to-season fashion-run, look for a dress like this to break them. Ivory-beige wool with a rolled down collar, and a string of undercoat affinities that last as long as the coat weather holds—and then this dress is on its own. This—shown with bogus pearl earrings and a star for good behaviour—by Harold Levine, in Or de Laine wool; about \$90. The stony navy-blue star, by Trifari. Both: Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress: Halle Bros.; Frost Bros. Background: Mrs. Michael Butler's New York apartment.

For months with and without an R: wool dresses—pale, unweighty, elegant as suits

Right: Dress on the brink of being some of the most essential fashion ever to work the trans-season circuit. Worsted jersey is what it's made of; the colour is oatmeal (lots of cream in this oatmeal, which is one way that furs find it particularly delicious); and the shape—side-fastened, thin and unexacting, leashed in leather—is as sound a piece of fashion prophecy as you'll hear from us this season. By Ben Zuckerman; about \$225. Bergdorf Goodman; Dayton's; I. Magnin.





One key word in the new intra-seasonal talk: paleness— to the coat and sweater degree

Above: Scoop of lemon cashmere linked forever to yards of pale-yellow chiffon. This rarefied level of sweater-and-skirt dressing belongs to the woman whose engagement book lists—at any point in the year—little evenings in the country (the kind of country, clearly, that's not too deep for lots of glitter, dangly earrings). By Fabiola; of cashmere, silk chiffon; about \$125. Necklace and earrings by Bergère. Lord & Taylor; Bullock's, Los Angeles. Bally of Switzerland shoes.

Right: Coat with the entire fashion year in its grasp. Because it's made of white-sand tweed. Because it's big enough to handle the bulk of winter. Because its voluminousness is so adroitly shaped that the slightest little silk—or a woman of equally delicate proportions—wouldn't feel lost inside. (It's shown here—hours away from almost anywhere in the world—at the Idlewild branch of the First National City Bank of New York.) By Originala, of wool tweed. About \$225. At Lord & Taylor; Julius Garfinckel; Wm. H. Block; I. Magnin. Eight-button beige gloves by Kislav, of doeskin-finished lambskin.









Above: Grey jersey dress and jacket—and a standing reason why women use little-nothing to describe a look that's close to everything in terms of knockout fashion. No sleeves, no collar, no gingerbread, and few earthly limits that we can think of: with printed silk knotted at the neck and a snug little silk turban, the time is day—any day. Several hours—and many pearls—later: one of the imperishable small evening looks in fashion. (It's shown here, minutes after shedding its suit status—but not an ounce of its chic—at the Tibor De Nagy Gallery in New York.) By Jane Derby, of Jasco worsted jersey; about \$225. At Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Mr. John turban and scarf in black and varying degrees of tortoise-shell colour.

'61 fact:
one of the most
seasonless,
timeless things
a dress can be is—
simply—
sleeveless jersey.

Left: Unsleeved taupe silk jersey, about which there is only this to note: it travels superbly; it's almost impossible to tell time by; and the month of the year that wouldn't be happier for its presence hasn't been invented yet. Also this: it's a marvellous looking dress-most marvellous with stony brilliance and lots of brushed gold. (And if this dress seems to be rather stringent about figure-requirements, it also seems worth it.) By B. H. Wragge, of Jasco silk; about \$75. At Bonwit Teller; Hudson's; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Background: One of ten windows in the New York apartment of Mr. Gene Moore. Through each of them: a placid and unbroken East River-scape. (Other facets of the apartment's charms: pages 28, 33, 36.)





Left: Mink for a clothes-plan that includes fur but not fur storage. Shoulder-shrugging bias of mink for day, for evening, for any season where what's wanted is just this much fur—and not a hair more. (Which is often summer in Paris, London, Oslo, or wherever the official climate-word is temperate; the realistic one, unpredictable.) The jacket, by Ben Kahn; of "Lutetia," Emba natural gun-metal mutation mink. At Gunther Jaeckel; Nan Duskin; Joseph Magnin.

Two ideas
that mightn't
have occurred
to you
in January—
but ought to:
the little fur;
a ball dress
that's gauzy
and pale

Right: Dress in the tradition of great evening beauties. What's untraditional—and delighting—is that even though it's crisp and gauzy apricot organza, you don't vamp-till-June to wear it. As of 1961, the evenings for this kind of charm happen all year long. By Sarmi, of Bodin grainy silk organza, with a pearl bead-and-coral embroidered ribbon at the waist. Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Evins shoes.

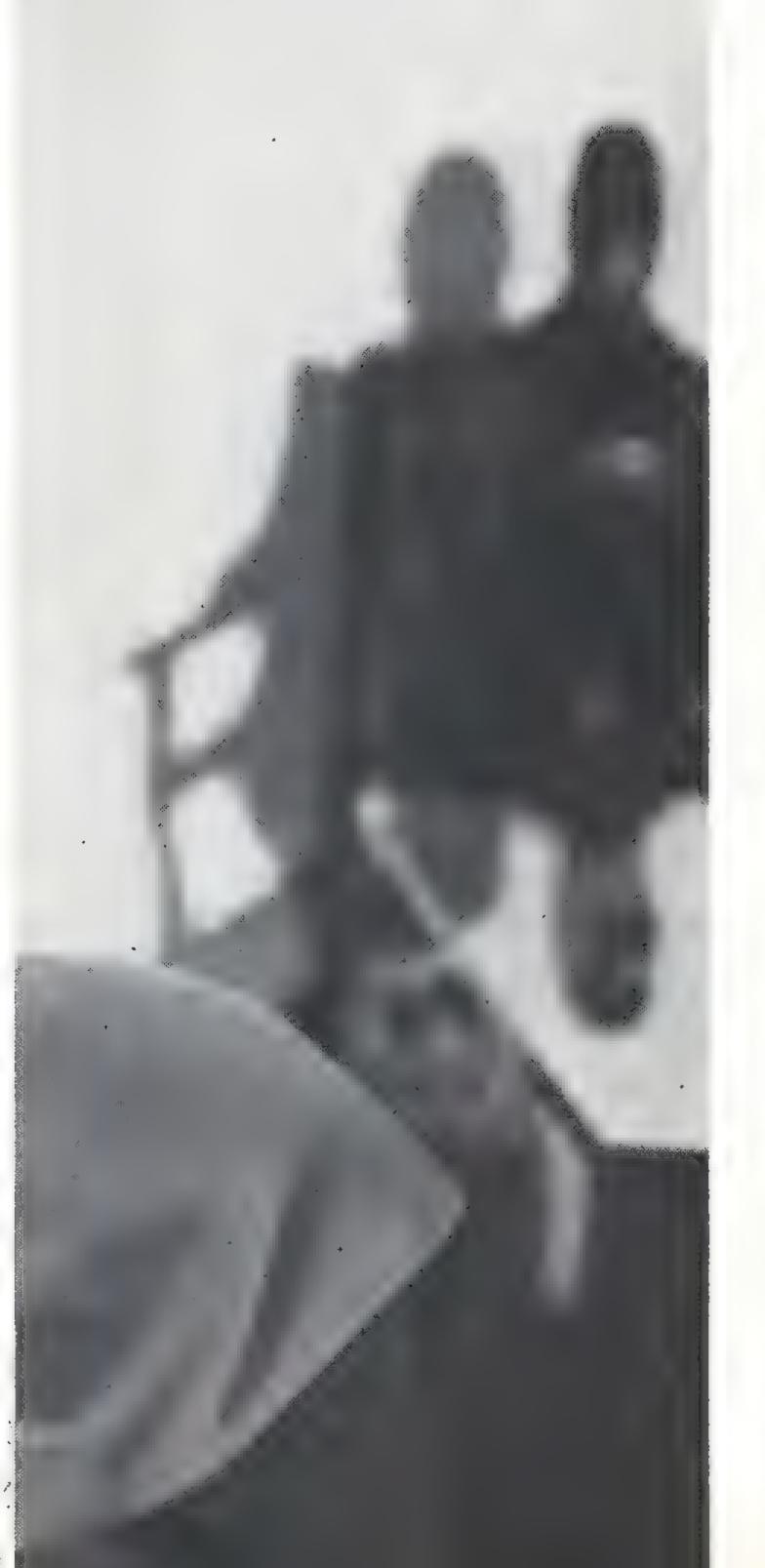




Left: Pale turquoise slip of a dress without a distracting thread in its body (unless, of course, you count pure deliciousness a distraction), and the unfailing allure of a deeply cowled neckline. The time, set by pearl beads and glitter here, is dinner—anywhere, any season. With peridot jewelling, or turquoise and gold, and brushed-out hair: luncheon wherever summer happens to be. Dress, by Clare Potter, in grainy silk (Bianchini fabric) with a smooth silk lining; about \$70. Three-strand necklace of fake pearls, by Richelieu. Both: Lord & Taylor. Dress, also Halle Bros.

Right: One of the charming reasons why dressing for dinner—your own or someone else's—has become such a pleasure again. Lanky white silk overblouse and a shock of pink skirt, anklelength. Putting the charm in order, Mrs. Michael Butler, in whose New York apartment both of these dresses were photographed. This dress, by Trigère, at Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Gus Mayer; Famous-Barr.

Re colour:
the dress
that has it—
pale or bright—
has this
year's supply
of fashion
excitement







Left: Chiffon, shirred and full-skirted, with just a band or two of satin to keep it from spinning away entirely—a dress like this mightn't stir all evening, and still be the most moving look in the room. This, on the 1961 theory that a dress needn't be black to be darkly alluring, is navy blue—and alluring. By Harou, of silk chiffon; about \$100. Hattie Carnegie earrings. Both at Henri Bendel. Dress: Woodward & Lothrop; Joseph Magnin. Palizzio shoes.

Right: No past, all future—the new doubled chiffon for late-day, tailored without a shred of sentimentality. Spare little day-dress shape, some blousing, a ropy tie looped around the waist. The dress is taupe, and the cardigan that goes with it—to the ends of the earth at a conservative guess—is knitted taupe wool, bound up in braid. Dress, of Bianchini silk, and jacket, by Jane Derby. Coro pin. Both at Bergdorf Goodman. Dress: Hudson's; I. Magnin.

Chiffon point:
floaty or
newly tailored—
little-evenings
run on
chiffon-time
all year long.



## of the most asked fashion questions

Culled from stacks of readers' cross-country letters, from the streams of telephone inquiries that flow into Vogue's offices, these questions represent the main doubts of American women about what to wear, where, when. The answers—combined opinions of the entire staff of fashion editors—aim at clearing up these doubts.

#### Where has the skirt line moved this season?

At least an inch upward since the last time you looked, which puts it on the very brink of the knee.

In fact, the slightest swishing of the new skirt length shows a glimpse of knee. If legs aren't your strong point though, a little lingering behind that line is more attractive.

### 2 Is the little black crêpe or silk dress safe betting after six anywhere in the world?

The myth of its world-wide aptitude needs some dashing, especially this season when colour almost by itself makes fashion. There are places where the little black silk or crêpe dress is too heavy-handed: for instance, at midsummer cocktail or dinner parties in New Orleans or Atlanta; at beach or country houses; and quite doubtful in springtime London and San Francisco. It is really a big-city fashion, irrefutable in New York, or Paris, Rome, Madrid, any time of the year, or in most places in autumn and winter. What goes against the grain of the region you're living in or visiting is in worse than bad taste, and sometimes downright cartoonish—imagine a New Yorker in her daily summer uniform of tweedy cotton suit, long chamois gloves, big handbag, bold fake jewels, and hat, in a warm-city restaurant, lunching with three friends in their daily uniform—bright solid or printed cotton, bare-headed, bare-sleeved, short-white-gloved, sandalled and probably stockingless. She'd look fashion foolish. It bears repetition: in Rome, do as the Romans do, where, by the way, women do much the same by clothes as they do in New York, London, Paris, or Buenos Aires.

#### 3 What's going on under suits now?

Still going strong are overblouses, often of the same colour as the suit. And little toss-away sweaters, some sleeveless, of cashmere, silk, or man-made fibres. Probably one of the most attractive under-suit moves of the season is the pale chiffon overblouse with a cloud of scarfing spilling out over the suit neckline.

### 4 Are accessory ensembles—say alligator shoes and handbag to match—preferable to mixed ones?

Although there's always the successful exception, it's hardly wild to say that most accessory ensembles are unfortunately clichés.

Any handsome alligator bag can hold its own; it doesn't need alligator shoes to walk on. If black, it gets along terrifically all year with the brown leathers—caramel, terra cotta, mocha kid or calf—or with other black leathers. Too much of a good thing—that's another trouble with ensembles. A few weeks ago we thought we saw the Abominable Snowman walking on Fifth Avenue, but discovered it was really a woman in a magnificent full-length sable coat and a towering sable hat to match. Besides, this spring and summer are seasons when one colour will sharpen its teeth on another: pink with yellow; pale-blue on green. The good accessory is not one that just yes-yeses or tags along with a dress; it has its own vivacity.

#### 5 What should one wear to wedding receptions?

One of our favourite answers this year is the doubled chiffon suit—preferably in an unshy pink or deep blue—for an afternoon wedding.

The blooming silk-print dresses with jackets that were pets of this season's collections, perhaps the pale-pink and green on page 46 or a black-and-white or brown-and-white silk print are wonderful for the largest or smallest day wedding. Or for cooler-morning weddings, a vivid wool suit with a white chiffon overblouse, scarf-necked; or merely a swirl of white chiffon scarf added.

To midwinter late-day weddings, a theatre suit in brocade or velvet, perhaps a rich jewel colour, emerald or topaz; or any late-day crêpe or wool dress provided it isn't bare. In some parts of the country there is still some feeling against black at weddings, but in New York, Boston, San Francisco, et cetera, it's perfectly correct with the addition of a brilliant little hat, perhaps pink, white silk, or citron. It's too unusual not to wear

a hat to weddings—a tiny silk pan with a big narrow bow tilted forward, in a startling colour contrast to the pink chiffon suit, we think is a dashing idea. Shoes for a day wedding might be black, brown, beige leather, geared, of course, to the colour of the dress or suit; for late-day, a printed opera pump, or perhaps, with the deep blue chiffon suit, navy-blue suède opera pumps. Eight- or twelve-button gloves in beige or white doeskin will have any wedding in hand. Any cloth city coat that isn't plaid or a strict chesterfield; in other words, any coat that isn't a country natural, any small fur-stole, jacket, or whatever—can go to a wedding, properly hatted and gloved.

6 What goes into a wardrobe for a two-month European trip with the main stays in the capitals, Rome, London, Paris, et cetera?

With a bit of individual, as well as seasonal, addition and subtraction—a fur-lined or fur coat toted in for winter trips, a few beach clothes in summer—this wardrobe will cover the ground for any woman:

1 lightweight topcoat—this might be the coat of the long-coat suit in the Fashion Multiplied wardrobe on

pages 44-47, or it might be a knitted or jersey raincoat.

2 suits—one firm tweed or wool jersey; the other light, perhaps one of the airy, opened-up weaves.

5 overblouses and sweaters, at least one

silk sweater, for under suits.

1 after sundown cashmere

cardigan. 3 dresses, one knitted, one coloured or printed silk, and one late-day black crêpe for restaurants, night clubs.

(See question No. 2, about the little black dress.)

1 jacketed dress of the theatre suit variety, probably ottoman, or brocade, which can be worn jacketed for late day,

bare for evening. Or one short evening dress.

1 long evening dress—but only if you expect official embassy invitations. Nothing bouffant; it might be a long slink of white, or maroon, sand, or navy-blue crêpe, or a bright fall of chiffon (especially easy to pack). Now about the only places in Europe to wear a long evening dress are private houses

or such galas as Monte Carlo has. All other evening situations, at-home black-tie dinners, restaurant dinners, night clubs,

theatres, take short evening or late-day clothes.

1 little fur, a jacket or long straight stole. A "little fur" will prove endlessly useful for both day and evening; one possible alternate for evening only is a great swash of silk stole that packs flat, particularly useful in summer climates.

2 hats—one a little straw or felt skull cap or perhaps a Basque beret that could fold up in a pocket or handbag;

for late day or evening, a little toy satin or silk hat.

5 pairs of shoes—black and brown leather opera pumps, one pair of low-heeled walking shoes, silk or satin evening shoes,

flat beach shoes that can go in the water (many of the

Mediterranean beaches and waters are pebbly).

4 pairs of gloves—short white cotton; two pairs tobacco or wheatish coloured washable doeskin (8- or 12-button); black kid (8- or 12-button). Add a pair of long white kid gloves (16-button), for official receptions, if you expect to go to any.

Lingerie and incidentals, including lots of tissue paper packed between and in the folds of clothes to prevent creasing.

7 What's the long and the short of the glove story?

Long gloves have the edge now over short ones, chiefly because of the shortened suit and coat sleeves. Long-sleeved suits and coats are scarce this season as tickets to the Nichols and May evening. The length of the sleeve usually determines the glove length; for instance, with the three-quarter sleeve, eight-putton gloves; with the shorter kimono sleeves that many suits and coats have, the twelve-button glove. Great gala evenings, of course, are safest with the longest white kid glove, sixteen-button or (Continued on page 100)







PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . This caption under the cover photograph of the November 26 issue of the Harvard Alumni Bulletin: John F. Kennedy '40. . . . A decalogue of problems, foreign and domestic—Algeria, Laos, the Congo, Cuba, Germany, South America, gold, unemployment, farm, defense, education. . . . Advise and Consent, Loring Mandel's melodrama based on the Allen Drury novel—with the Senate more or less a snake pit, theatrically interesting, and reasonably well-acted in a hokey way.

# PEOPLE ARE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT ... Dagmar Freuchen's anthology, Peter Freuchen's Adventures in the Arctic, a direct, uncomplicated book with a marvellous understanding of Eskimos, not as an anthropologist might have seen them, but as a Danish friend who came to live in the North... In Paris, where everything that is Greek is suddenly loved, the small white-walled restaurant, Dionisos, its waiters taking time off to dance and sing.... Tammy Grimes, who looks like a child's drawing, but who has a miracle of energy in The Unsinkable Molly Brown, a musical comedy that keeps collapsing and then somehow refilling enough to keep going.... The enlightening range of the extraordinary exhibition in Madrid—"Velázquez y lo Velazqueño," which freely translated means Velázquez and everything about him; the show includes not only a magnificent muster of the paintings of the master, pulled in from museums and collectors, but also paintings by his predecessors, his disciples, along with amusing memorabilia.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... The illuminated manuscript, The Royal Manuscript on Massage, bound like a great accordion, in the exhibition, "Art Treasures of Thailand," the first big show of Thailand art in this country, now at New York's Metropolitan Museum... This sign on a small French car: Made in Mars by the Army.... London's joy in having the new Polynesian restaurant, the Beachcomber, with a grotto, macaws, palm trees, the recorded sound of surf on reefs, and a drink called "Missionary's Downfall."... Picnic on the Grass, a happy, sensuous, goofy movie by Jean Renoir, who carefully photographs Impressionist trees, glassine bugs loitering in the sun, trees so gnarled that they are a driftwood collector's dream, and a Renoir bather-heroine who stands 5' 4" and weighs exactly  $131\frac{1}{2}$  pounds; she gets weighed and measured as part of the disappearing plot.... Project KISS, an attempt by the Navy Bureau of Weapons to clarify communication: the initials of KISS mean "Keep It Simple, Stupid."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The growling come-hither of Charles Aznavour, singing in Paris that wonderful Russian melody, "Les Deux Guitares." . . . Roberto Rossellini, back again to a movie of World War II, General Della Rovere, with the fake general played by Vittorio De Sica who slides with slithery chicanery from con-man to hero, against an indelibly Italian landscape; it all has point, a little tragic, definitely compassionate, and, at times, absurdly funny. . . . Who Killed Society? by Cleveland Amory, a long, careless, amusing chat of a book by a writer, obsessed with Society, who collects such biting cracks as this deliberately unfair description of New York's Racquet and Tennis Club, given by a member of the University Club: "They do nothing but drink and gamble and talk about their rice pudding. Who wants to join a club on account of rice pudding?"; no police department nark, Amory never really reveals the murderer.

#### T. H. WHITE

The moral-minded, bearded, faceted wit, Terence Hanbury White, who wrote The Once and Future King, on which the musical, Camelot, is based, has become the show's unpaid, amateur press agent, a man in love with the whole affair. For a moment, however, in Boston when the love between Queen Guenevere and Sir Lancelot turned from passionate to Platonic, White may have experienced writer's pang. An impressive man, he rather likes to wear deep-blue shirts, a knitted red bow tie, and pale-yellow socks, to pull heavily on a pipe, to enclose his bright, bright blue eyes with large, black-framed glasses from which he looks out as though through a peephole in a bathysphere. Although he is only fifty-four, White talks about the despair, the loneliness, the boredom of middle age, a state which causes him, he has said, to write his books. His first of nineteen came out when he was twenty-four. Of the nineteen, the straightforward classic, The Once and Future King, includes among its four parts, The Sword in the Stone, set in the Middle Ages. In that period he moves about as comfortably as in his own house on Alderney in the Channel Islands. The house contains a large library and studios for filming and painting; the grounds are enriched with a swimming pool and a Temple to the Emperor Hadrian. Its owner's mind is enriched with a variety of subjects, some of which he still knows deeply, some he has partially forgotten. They include underwater photography, sailing, falconry, gardening, Gaelic which he does not speak well, and real and mythical animals. For his bestiary, The Book of Beasts—he is a leading authority—he learned twelfthcentury Latin shorthand. His once and future plans encompass learning to play polo, and perhaps this winter to learn to ski on nursery slopes. At times White has a habit of sounding like his own creation, Sir Grummore: "Found a chap called Sir Bruce Saunce Pité choppin' off a maiden's head in Weedon Bushes, ran him to Mixbury Plantation in the Bicester, where he doubled back, and lost him in Wicken Wood. Must have been a good twenty-five miles as he ran."

Some of the most beautiful clothes mathematics going are worked out on these and the next two pages, based on some of this year's fashion excitements: for one, the colour pink, pure or contrasted with black; another, the startling print, either startlingly pale or bright, alone or in a jacket or seven-eighths coat with a one-colour dress. Here are clothes to count on from right now, January, through October, ten months out of the year. It figures this way: buy them now, take them resortward, bring them back for spring in town or country, summer with them here or abroad through October. Pillars in any wardrobe, these clothes have a marrow of unbeatable contemporary elegance. They exchange a jacket or coat or belt with extreme poise, without the contrived look that sometimes spreads across the face of interlocking wardrobes. These are superbly made, untricked clothes, with a fashion return that's high. In fact, investing in just one look could give a woman certain clothes security. For instance, the pink wool affair opposite: a fulllength coat with the swirl and grace of fine capework, a slender skirt, and a deep coral-toned linen overblouse. The coat by itself adds up to pure fashion cream—in the day either

## FASHION MULTIPLIED

4 clothes investments parlayed into 8 looks and 10 months of fashion assurance

with its own skirt, or with the palest pink and bud-green print dress on the next page, or with a favourite dress already in your clothes-file. For late day or little evenings it makes one of this season's strong-colour contrasts, pink with black—previewed far right with a subtly-cut black crêpe sheath. That sheath, by the way, is so perfect it's almost the prototype of what a sheath should be, and it's shown again on the next page. The straw cloche is beguiling enough to repeat, once here in bud green; on the next page, the same cloche in pale pink; both deep in the crown and deep in flattery. The jewellery solution depends on multiples and variety. With the pink costume (Lesur fabric) and overblouse, a necklace of fake pearls, coral, and dark-red beads, by Castlecliff; with the green hat, big green button earrings by Hattie Carnegie. All the clothes on these pages and the next two: by Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner. Everything, including shoes, Tabarin stockings, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Clothes also at Hutzler's; Gus Mayer; Neiman-Marcus; Frederick & Nelson.





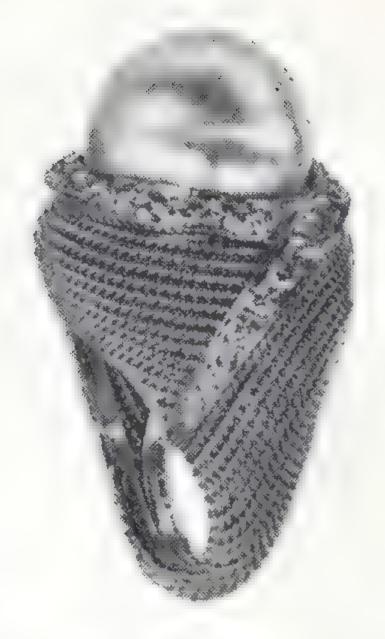


### JEASHION MULTIPLIED

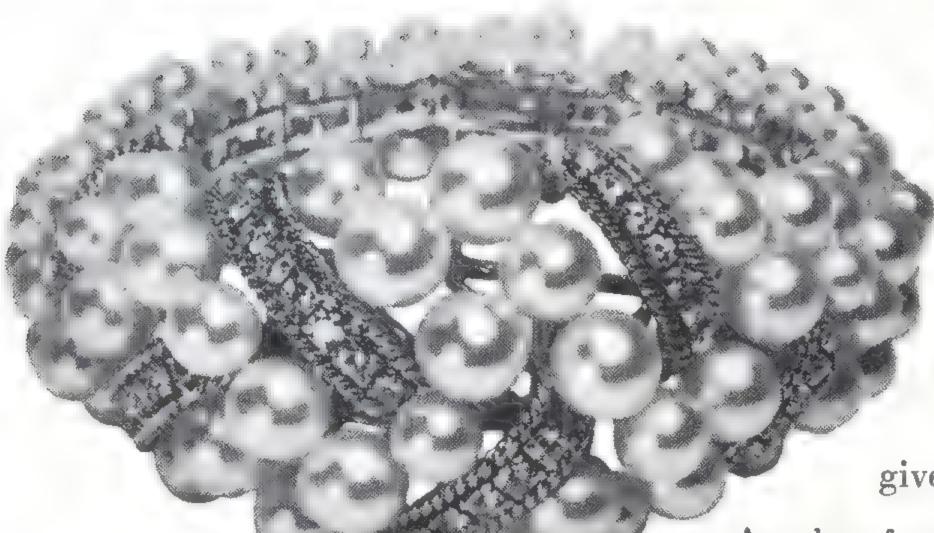
Summing up the plan, we get some satisfying fashion totals in the three columns on these pages. Far left: Green and pink, pale as buds, printed on a grainy silk dress and jacket (Couture fabric)—naturals in this exchange plan. Here, the suit is given a lot-of-rope necklace, fake pearls and ragged stones, by Castlecliff. Left: Subtly-cut sheath in black silk crêpe sashed in the softest pink leather; the neck dropped, the blouse more bloused than usual. (Dress of Chardon-Marché fabric.) The pink hat, we think, is a neat piece of fashion addition. Hattie Carnegie jet bead necklace. Right: This is a season of contrasts; one of the best of them, the flowered jacket or coat over black-in this clothes plan, the pink and green jacket over the black sheath. Jewellery elements combined here for an even more dashing little evening look: clumps of fake green and white stones in a wrought-iron pin by Brania; green and gilt bracelet by Cadoro; green earrings by Van S. All clothes on these pages by Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner. Everything at Saks Fifth Avenue. Clothes also at Hutzler's; Gus Mayer; Neiman-Marcus; Frederick & Nelson.







## Pearls paved with brilliance



Three rings, a bracelet,
a clip, all domed in pearls and paved,
wall to wall, in diamonds.

These and more pearl jewellery, to be exhibited at the Cultured Pearl Ball, for the benefit of retarded children,

given at the Plaza Hotel on January 16.

Another feature of the ball: pearl fishing-500 oysters,

each complete with pearl, will be placed in a tank; a donation gives one a fishing chance.

At top, a ring that centres on a large South Sea cultured pearl,

bordered in diamonds that run down the white-gold and platinum sides.

Upper left, a cuff bracelet of braided cultured pearls and diamonds.

Upper right, a ring with three fresh-water cultured pearls,

led up to by rows of diamonds, textured gold, platinum.

Lower left, a two-pearl ring—South Sea cultured pearls with diamond-paved sides.

Lower right, a flower-shaped clip with fresh-water cultured pearl centre,

diamond petals backed by yellow gold. All, by David Webb.





More pink prevalence: the lipstick—Riviera Blush, by Estée Lauder.

#### January suit with a future

One reason for plumping for pink this season: the suit, left, with a far-reaching future—
for spring in town, a travelling summer, whenever it helps to wear something wildly becoming:
i.e., anytime. This, of new fleecy-faced worsted jersey in a shade of pink
that might be arrived at by viewing a strawberry soda through mauve-coloured glasses.
The shape, all roundness; a little curved jacket with ring collar,
short round sleeves, a skirt rounded by easings at the front.
By Tiffeau & Busch, of Jerseycraft jersey; about \$125 at Bergdorf Goodman; Julius Garfinckel;
Al Rosenthal; I. Magnin. The jewellery: pink sapphires and cultured pearls, by Verdura.

HORST 49



## Mrs. Loel Guinness eleventh in Vogue's series of fashion personalities

Vivid, amusing, interested; her international way of dressing makes her, for many people,









Playing on the bride's train: her four small attendants

## Wedding party in a mediaeval village

The wedding of Donna Orsetta Caracciolo to Don Marcalfonso Torlonia

Some fifty years ago, Count Giuseppe Visconti di Modrone restored a mediaeval castle on the ruins of an original one in Grazzano Visconti, Italy, where the wedding of Count Visconti's granddaughter, Donna Orsetta Caracciolo, to the Queen of Spain's grandson, Don Marcalfonso Torlonia, eldest son of Prince Alessandro Torlonia and the Infanta Beatrice, took place last autumn. To go with the castle, Count Visconti had reconstructed a convincingly authentic, stone-and-tile-roofed mediaeval village. The whole picture, the ivy-coloured village, its church, castle, and lacy green gardens, served as a charming backdrop for both the wedding and the bride, one of four daughters of Don Adolfo and Donna Anna Caracciolo di Castagneto. In a white, cowl-necked satin dress with a court headdress, she walked in procession with young women of the village, who each carried a single stalk of lilies and wore costumes designed after documents by Count Visconti for Sundays and feast days-black with coloured panels, embroidered in gold, no two alike. The bride's four attendants, three nephews and a niece, all under seven-Guido Pasolini, Giovanni Gastel, Edoardo and Margherita Agnelli-wore pale olive-green costumes designed by the Agnelli children's mother, Donna Marella Agnelli, whose own wedding photographs were published in Vogue seven years ago. After the morning ceremony, performed by the Archbishop of Piacenza in the small village church, the procession moved across the park to the gardens, hung for the day with aged tapestries, for a wedding lunch at small tables set in the sunlight around a clover-shaped pool.



In the procession to the castle, Grazzano women in the village costumes.

After the ceremony,
the bride's father
kisses the groom
as the procession enters
the castle courtyard.





worn by six smart women

The look of hair in Paris now: rounder, sometimes smoother, often—though not always—short. By the smartest Frenchwomen, and their hairdressers, the beehive has been given back to the bees; gone, too, is the great gonflé chignon, and the long hair it pinioned—some of the time, anyway. The new shorter hair may be attractively shaggy and tumbled-about looking, may have bangs and the forward-hooking curls called guiches; or it may be sleek, shiny, bell-like. Many variations are possible—and smart. On these pages, six of the newest: all different, all in fashion.

Mme. M. Couve de Murville

Mme. Couve de Murville is the wife of France's Minister of Foreign Affairs, who was, before that, French Ambassador to Egypt. An attractive, spirited woman, she has short, curly dark hair, with the blond rays the French call mèches; brushed up in back, up and away from the face, with a slight pompadour in front. Her hair, too, is coiffed by Guillaume.







## A little

Editor's note: Phyllis McGinley gives here the details of her happy hobby, saint-watching; her previous reportage on saints has always rhymed. Of saints in general: "Some saints are alien, hard to love,/Wild as an eagle, strange as a dove,/ Too near to heaven for the mind to scan./But Thomas More was a family man." Of Saint Bridget: "There's no denial/ She must have been/A sort of trial." Of Saint Nicholas: "He who had feared/The world's applause,/Now, with a beard,/Is Santa Claus." These, and other such observations, can be found in Times Three, a Viking collection of three hundred of her sharp-edge poems written over three decades.

hen I was seven years old I wanted to be a tightrope dancer and broke my collarbone practising on a child's-size high wire. At twelve I planned to become an international spy. At fifteen my ambition was the stage. Now, in my sensible or declining years I would give anything (except my comforts, my customs, and my sins) to be a saint. Of course there's a difference between this current daydream and my long-ago aspirations. I recognize it for what it is, a mere sigh of the soul, the immemorial fantasy of middle age.

Because I was badly educated, I did not often encounter saints as persons when I was younger. Oh, I had the vague knowledge that they existed. There was Francis, the Little Poor Man who called the swallows his sisters and who once tamed a wolf. I had heard about someone named Dominic who preached to the fish along the shore when no one came to hear his sermons in church. There was Saint Christopher who protected travellers and whose legendary image was inscribed on thousands of medals in thousands of careering automobiles. But saints as real men and women I did not know at all.

It was only when I began reading history that I came on the flesh and blood beings. Saints, I found, had brought learning to barbarians and guarded that light when it nearly flickered and went out after Rome's fall. They had founded the first free hospitals, invented progressive education, fought against slavery, and (especially warming to me) given women a respectable place in society. I discovered Catherine of Siena, the illiterate peasant girl who lectured popes and nearly single-handed brought a sort of peace to warring Italy. I came across Lioba who, in the dark seventh century, wrote Latin verses and taught manners to rough German tribes. There was Mother Marie (not yet beatified but made of the stuff of saints) who ran her Indian missions in Canada with the same sure hand she had once brought to running her brother-in-law's carting business in France. They all seemed

men and women larger than life and I was forced to give them salutation. When my sights, as it were, sharpened, I took up saint-watching as other people watch birds. For Tennyson was right. The old sentimental line, "We needs must love the highest when we see it," is, like most sentimental sayings, perfectly true. Virtue is man's Everest and those who climb highest are most worth admiring.

So although I can not imitate the saints, I can stare at them, spying on them in their native coverts and attempting to follow their flights through my imperfect glass. I have to be careful there. Hagiography (the art of writing about the saints) is too often pious and sanctimonious rather than stirring. Biographers forget to do what Cromwell told his portraitist, "Paint warts and all." So those noble and natural creatures, born with the same faults and the same obstacles to virtue as the rest of us, are held up to display as both more and less than human. They seem never to have sinned, never to have faltered or stumbled. They were good when they were children. They were good in adolescence. They were good—one might even say goody-goody—through their mortal journeys. And where there is no struggle, there is no story and no edification for the likes of us. Yet, as long as three centuries ago a great gentleman who earned his private halo, Francis of Sales, warned against reading sanctity into every act of the canonized.

"There is no harm to the saints if their faults are shown as well as their virtues," he wrote to a friend. "But great harm is done to everybody by the hagiographers who slur over the faults, be it for the purposes of honouring the saints . . . or through fear of diminishing our reverence for their holiness."

With his silken common sense, Francis understood how much more profitable it was to revere a man grown good by his own efforts than one created sinless as the Angel Gabriel. Who could have known it better, since he, the most courteous, the most controlled, the most polished of Frenchmen, struggled all his life (he tells us) against the quick, tigerish anger which was part of his heritage?

For the wonderful thing about saints is that they were human. They lost their tempers, got hungry, scolded God, were egotistical or testy or impatient, made mistakes and regretted them. Still they went on doggedly blundering toward heaven. They practised for sainthood the way a dancer practises balancing on her points, with the same dedication a musician brings to his scales. And they won sanctity by willing to be saints, not because they encountered no temptation to be less.

Occasionally there was one for whom the struggle seems to have been easy, one like Saint Thomas Aquinas, fat and kind and heavy with thought. It is impossible to discover

## gmace

#### By PHYLLIS McGINLEY

genuine meanness or sin even in the boy at school whom they called the "Dumb Ox." But Francis of Assisi was a gay rake and prodigal before he gave all he had to the poor and took up his staff and sandals. The Portuguese John of God was a gambler, drunkard, mercenary soldier until he was forty. Then all those talents one would have thought spent and wasted he gathered up into his two hands and showered on the sick poor. Mary of Egypt was a harlot like Magdalene before her.

And the most tempestuous of them all was Saint Augustine whose famous cry of the heart, "God make me chaste, but not yet," rings down through the years with the authentic human note. There have been among the saints, thieves, beggars, and vagabonds, even men who killed. That they turned the fury of their impulses toward good and toward God instead of toward the evil they knew perfectly well existed, is their accolade. It is the reason that spying on them is such a satisfying pursuit. Not much of the glory rubs off on the pursuer but then a bird-watcher does not expect to learn how to fly. His, like mine, is a spectator's delight. The glory of the watched is nearly enough to satisfy him. Moreover, he is always coming across unsuspected domestic glimpses of the quarry, glimpses which put him on easy terms with it.

For instance, I take my chief pleasure in the touching or the extravagant I keep discovering in the biographies. I love Francis Xavier because of many things—his zeal, his charity, his footsore journeys across the world to bring light to the pagan. But I cherish him chiefly because his nature was so affectionate that, thousands of miles away from home and his brother Jesuits, he cut the signatures from their letters to him and pinned them inside his habit next to his heart.

he great Thomas Aquinas held the whole philosophical world on his massive shoulders. I, too, can admire the architecture of his intellect and repeat with amused awe the best-known story about him: that in the middle of King Louis' royal dinner he remained so absorbed in speculation that he brought his enormous fist down suddenly on the table and blurted out, "And that settles the Manichees!" But another comment of his is less famous and more warming. Because he was shy and quiet and forever thinking, one does not usually consider him a sociable man. Yet, "No possession is joyous without a companion," he said, and remarked wistfully about gardens that "Notwithstanding the beasts and the plants, one can be lonely there."

Teresa of Avila is so famous and so often quoted that nearly everyone can cite one of her tart sayings. (She was also so holy that in her ecstasies of prayer she was forced sometimes to hold on to the altar rail to keep herself from floating embarrassingly upward.) But she appeals to me in her busy humanity, in her traipsing about Spain from foundation to foundation, loving God, little girls, and her friends with the same zest. "I have no defense against affection," she said. "I could be bribed with a sardine." There was nothing smug about Teresa. I treasure her rejoinder to a visitor who found her happily eating a partridge someone had sent her. The visitor was scandalized. A holy woman actually enjoying her food! What would people think?

"Let them think what they please," said Teresa. "There is a time for partridge and a time for penance."

And that settled that particular Manichee.

Perhaps I love my heroes for the wrong reasons. (But then I am only a watcher.) Take Saint Boniface for one. The greatest of the early English monks, he did great works of proselytizing the heathen and of establishing the Christian faith in Europe. But I remember him for the strength of his friendships. Although he never drank anything stronger than water himself, one finds him writing to Egbert, Archbishop of York, "Instead of the kiss which I am prevented from giving you, I am sending by the bearer of this letter, two little kegs of wine. As you love me, I beg you to use it for a day of rejoicing with your friends."

A willingness to let others be comfortable while living austerely oneself seems to me the height of generosity. Boniface reminds me a bit of dear old William Law. Law was not a saint, not even a member of the church which grants official haloes. He is remembered now chiefly because he wrote a book called, Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life, which strongly influenced John Wesley. He was an English clergyman, chaplain to the Gibbon family and tutor to the historian. I love him for his kindness to that rather formidable family. Law was a practical mystic who rose every day at five in the morning, said his prayers, did his meditations, milked four cows which he had bought and installed in the barns there, and with the milk made gruel for the beggars and the poor who crowded to his gate. Then and only then, at about nine A.M. when his own tasks were finished, did he wake the rest of the household for their prayers and their breakfast. What early-riser among us can so gently endure the slugabed? (He also, I recall, went about the countryside buying up larks and linnets in cages and releasing them to the province of the air.)

I enjoy Philip Neri for his jokes and his riddles as well as for his piety. I like Hilda Abbess of Whitby because in an age little given to personal daintiness, she bathed every day. I salute Thomas More, so fond of his "little wife Jane," who taught his daughters Greek and Latin at the time when girls were considered unworthy of being (Continued on page 103)

### Young wardrobe, on location in New York



A scene by scene synopsis of what's what with the dashing young clothes-life. Though it's photographed in New York City, this is a wardrobe wearable almost anywhere. All dresses, this page, by Lanz; on the opposite page: Jacques Heim Jeunes Filles designs copied here. All, junior sizes.





Above, left: A relaxed species of sheath—soft, sleeveless, of navy-blue linen—sheltering under its own cardigan jacket that's lined in navy-blue and white cotton gingham. By Lanz, of Moygashel linen, about \$80. Photographed in the garden of Dr. and Mrs. Edmundo Lassalle's town house. Left: A deep, delicious raspberry-red, on its own in the brief linen bodice, played off against white in the checked skirt attached; the stole is solid raspberry, reversing to raspberry and white checks. By Lanz; top of Moygashel linen, skirt of Dacron-and-cotton (Reeves fabric); about \$46. Above: Slender lavender wool dress with an outlying stole in a lavender plaid: to wear, for afternoons in town, with beads and a good-sized pin (as here). By Lanz, about \$50. Photographed at the Lassalle house. All clothes, this page, at Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Himelhoch's.



Above: Shadowy black silk dress, played this way: with a moire midriff, a sheer fichu, skirt panels riffled over with fine pleating. A Heim Jeunes Filles for Hayette, of silk organza, about \$70. Photographed in the New York apartment of James S. Davison. Below: Long-stemmed red dress, its skirt pleated, front and back, smooth at the sides. A Heim Jeunes Filles for Hayette, of Dacron-and-cotton (Galey & Lord fabric); about \$50. Photographed in the Lassalle town house.







Top: Little blue mandarin coat with a stand-offish princess silhouette, to wear over a matching little blue slip of a dress. The coat, by P.R.L., about \$50; dress, a Heim Jeunes Filles for Hayette, about \$40; both in cotton hopsacking by Concord. Photographed in Mr. Pierre Scapula's Turtle Bay garden. Below: Sleeveless dress with jacket—both checked out in pale pink and white: a Heim Jeunes Filles for Hayette, in Greenlaw fabric of Orlon and viscose rayon, woven by U. S. Rubber; about \$60. Photographed on Mr. Scapula's balcony. Clothes, this page: Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Montaldo's; I. Magnin.



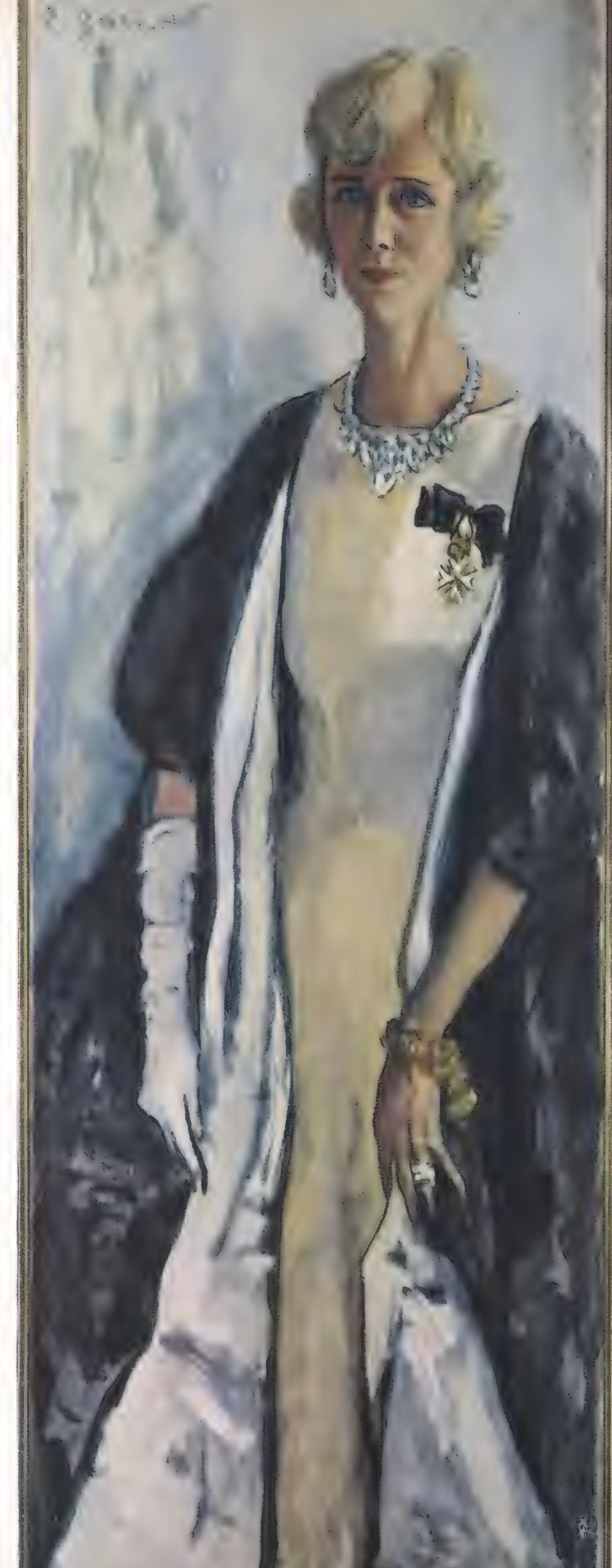
## Off the beaten browns—new look-making formats

Turning mere clothes into looks is the special province of the accessories shown here—grainy leather handbags in colours that approach brown, but mostly stop just short of it, staying in the subtle, chameleon-like fringe areas. What these fringecolours go with: the strong or smoky shades seen everywhere now-pink (eyes right), turquoise, spiced greens, most blues including navy, other browns, interesting tweeds and plaids, to name a few. In other off-browns, gloves to go along. Opposite page, left to right: First, a calfskin handbag in honey beige, with a cushioned edge on its flap. By Lederer; \$40\*. Gloves draped on it, cocoa-brown kidskin. By Superb; at Altman's. Second, in the foreground, a toast-brown pigskin handbag in a big square-shape. By Lesco; \$25\* at Arnold Constable. Gloves here, lighter toast in doeskin-finished lambskin. By Kislav; at Best & Co. Third, directly sub-elbows, the one true brown here—a beaver-grained calfskin travel bag; inside it a jewel-box, change purse, passport case, that all snap together as a separate clutch-bag. By Greta; \$60\* at Saks Fifth Avenue. Gloves for this, pale beige doeskin-finished lambskin. By Dawnelle; at Altman's. Fourth, an alligator handbag in a far-out brown that's nearer to green-grey. By Lucille; \$230\* at I. Miller. Green-grey-beige gloves are doeskin-finished lambskin. By Kislav; at Best & Co. Fifth, a long narrow pigskin envelope in deep honey-colour. By Deitsch; \$43\* at Lord & Taylor. Gloves for honey: chamois-coloured kidskin. By Fuchs; Altman's. Rising above all these—a mauve-pink wool jersey suit with unseen printed silk blouse. By Samuel Winston; at Altman's. Gold compact studded with rubies, by Schlumberger of Tiffany. Yellow sapphire and diamond ring, from Tiffany. Lipstick off the beaten pink: Powder Pink, by Revlon. LONG AND SHORT FORMS, this page: Envelope handbag after Cardin (almost long enough to mail a dachshund in), of soft grained calfskin in pale beige. By Bienen-Davis; \$19\* at Bonwit Teller. Right of this, a nearer-square handbag of grained leather in a toasted-muffin brown, with disappearing handle. By Koret; \$60\* at Bonwit Teller. Fronting these, accessories to dwell in a handbag-pencil of bamboo-textured gold, a gold compact. Both, by Schlumberger of Tiffany.



## BOUCHÉ PORTRAITS





These two portraits, both oils, now in the exhibition, "Only in New York," at the Museum of the City of New York, are, like their subjects, powerful, thin, arresting. Both Mrs. Luce and Mr. Barr have in their faces character enough for a dozen—and painting the lines of character is where René Bouché excels—a rare talent these days. If it is difficult to paint prettiness, it is even more difficult to catch a distinguished likeness and at the same time to make a painting that is effective and compelling even for those who do not know the sitter.

Alfred H. Barr, junior, director of the Museum Collections of The Museum of Modern Art in New York, possesses a most extraordinarily sensitive taste, and has always been willing to take the big gamble on unknown painters and sculptors of every school—magic realists, abstract-expressionists, primitives, surrealists, realists, constructivists. He not only has been buying for the Museum for the past thirty-two years, but he has set forth his opinions fearlessly and superbly in a variety of scholarly books in the face of momentary antagonisms on the part of a variety of artists.

Mrs. Luce, who looks as fragile as tissue paper but has the mental strength of molybdenum, has spent the past twenty-five years as an eminently successful playwright, Congresswoman, and Ambassador to Italy, flying directly in the eye of public hurricanes; moreover, she is flatly a beauty. No one doubts either the beauty or the hurricanes.









# New power for the little crêpe dress continued

Left: Pale-beige put-over and a crisply pleated skirt to wear in the late spring, or at a resort with black sandals and big earrings. By Mr. Mort Sportswear in junior sizes, in crêpe of Dacron (Folker fabric). The blouse about \$12; skirt, about \$15. The earrings by Bergère. Both at Best & Co. The dress, also at Woodward & Lothrop; Joseph Magnin. Right: In creamy bamboo beige, a sheath dress-but softer, suppler, a downpour of pleats. This is the perfect little-dinner dress and it should be used as a foil for long beads; worn, perhaps (as here), with a leather sash and opensided pumps or sandals. By L'Aiglon in crêpe of Dacron, by Fabrex; about \$23. Colony belt. Both: Lord & Taylor; dress, also Halle Bros.; Marshall Field.

# "The Best of

Here, small pleasures from six new books, none alike, all celebrated, each worth it. What these writers share, no more, no less, is style. Among them, they include Anthony Powell with another dry, brilliant novel in his complex series about time and memory; Wolcott Gibbs with a parody—from the anthology edited by Dwight Macdonald—of Ernest Hemingway; Harper Lee with a first novel about the sense of sin and how it grows; James Morris with a bemused, witty, encyclopaedic study of Venice where the canals are the colour of green marble; S. N. Behrman with a gentle recollection of Max Beerbohm; and John Graves with an elegy to a river, to a country, and to an era.

n intricate petit point of London during the thirties, Casanova's Chinese Restaurant is the fifth novel in Anthony Powell's subtle study in total recall, the series he calls The Music of Time. Like progressive proofs of a colour photograph, these five novels each reveal a good deal less than the whole; their power springs from the way the five mesh, gradually drawing together all of those absurdities, regrets, and fragments of memory that make up being alive. Keeping his strokes small, Anthony Powell has done in Casanova's Chinese Restaurant (published by Little, Brown) such sharp minor portraits as that of a wife too proud to keep from hinting that she knows about her husband's inamorata ("'I met her once at your flat,' said Matilda, speaking slowly, as if that were an extraordinary thing to have happened. 'She is very attractive. But I don't know her as well as Hugh does.' ") This excerpt is a scrap of conversation between the narrator and Ouiggin, a minor character, a piece from perhaps another Powell jigsaw. Quiggin's friend, Alfred, is called Erridge by his family; Mona was once the beloved of both Alfred and Quiggin.

"Alfred is too simple a man to embroil himself in practical affairs like fighting an ideological war," said Quiggin severely. "A typical aristocratic idealist, I'm afraid. Perhaps it is just as well his health has broken down. He has never been strong, of course. He is the first to admit it. In fact he is too fond of talking about his health. As I have said before, Alf is rather like Prince Myshkin in *The Idiot*."

I was surprised at Quiggin's attitude towards Erridge's illness. I tried to work out who Quiggin himself would be in Dostoevsky's novel if Erridge was Prince Myshkin and Mona—presumably—Nastasya Filippovna. It was all too complicated. I could not remember the story with sufficient clarity. Quiggin spoke again.

"I have been hearing something of Alf's difficulties from one of our own agents just back from Barcelona," he said. "Alf seems to have shown a good deal of political obtuseness—perhaps I should say childlike innocence. He appears to have treated POUM, FAI, CNT, and UGT, as if they were all the same left-wing extension of the Labour Party. I was not surprised to hear that he was going to be arrested at the time he decided to leave Spain. If you can't tell the difference between a Trotskyite-Communist, an Anarcho-Syndicalist, and

a properly paid-up Party Member, you had better keep away from the barricades."

"You had, indeed."

"It is not fair on the workers."

"Certainly not."

"Alfred's place was to organise in England."

"Why doesn't he go back to his idea of starting a magazine?"

"I don't know," said Quiggin, in a voice that closed the subject.

Erridge was in Quiggin's bad books; a friend who had disappointed Quiggin to a degree impossible to conceal; a man who had failed to rise to an historic occasion.

out in left field, but more often on the barricades than on the fence, Dwight Macdonald has now collected and annotated, for Random House, the contents of a solidly funny book: Parodies: An Anthology from Chaucer to Beerbohm—and After. The selective principle was indelibly Macdonald's. Besides scores of famous parodies, he included fourteen passages by writers who could only be parodying, in his opinion, themselves; he included, as a parody of Gertrude Stein's prose, the dying words of the gangster Dutch Schultz. Here, the beginning of a parody of Ernest Hemingway's Death in the Afternoon: "Death in the Rumble Seat" by the late Wolcott Gibbs, a soft-voiced, rather vague man whose attention might sometimes seem to wander, but on the parody kill was fearfully precise, woundingly funny, always on dead point.

Most people don't like the pedestrian part, and it is best not to look at that if you can help it. But if you can't help seeing them, long-legged and their faces white, and then the shock and the car lifting up a little on one side, then it is best to think of it as something very unimportant but beautiful and necessary artistically. It is unimportant because the people who are pedestrians are not very important, and if they were not being cogido by automobiles it would just be something else. And it is beautiful and necessary because, without the possibility of somebody getting cogido, driving a car would be just like anything else. It would be like reading "Thanatopsis," which is neither beautiful nor necessary, but hog-

# the Best ? Quick tastes of the New Books

wash. If you drive a car, and don't like the pedestrian part, then you are one of two kinds of people. Either you haven't very much vitality and you ought to do something about it, or else you are yellow and there is nothing to be done about it at all.

If you don't know anything about driving cars you are apt to think a driver is good just because he goes fast. This may be very exciting at first, but afterwards there is a bad taste in the mouth and the feeling of dishonesty.

s gently cheering as the cool wind that breaks a long still summer, To Kill a Mockingbird by Harper Lee is that rare literary phenomenon, a Southern Novel with no mildew on its magnolia leaves. Funny, happy, and written with unspectacular but absolute precision, To Kill a Mockingbird is about conscience—how it is instilled in two children, Scout and Jem Finch; how it operates in their father, Atticus, a lawyer appointed to defend a Negro on a rape charge; and how conscience grows in their small Alabama town, a place in which: "There was no hurry, for there was nowhere to go, nothing to buy and no money to buy it with, nothing to see outside the boundaries of Maycomb County. But it was a time of vague optimism for some of the people: Maycomb County had recently been told that it had nothing to fear but fear itself." In this excerpt from To Kill a Mockingbird, published by Lippincott, Scout has just begun the first grade, taught by a young woman who is, according to Jem, "introducing a new way of teaching. She learned about it in college. . . . It's the Dewey Decimal System."

The remainder of my school days were no more auspicious than the first. Indeed, they were an endless Project that slowly evolved into a Unit, in which miles of construction paper and wax crayon were expended by the State of Alabama in its wellmeaning but fruitless efforts to teach me Group Dynamics. What Jem called the Dewey Decimal System was school-wide by the end of my first year, so I had no chance to compare it with other teaching techniques. I could only look around me: Atticus and my uncle, who went to school at home, knew everything—at least, what one didn't know the other did. Furthermore, I couldn't help noticing that my father had served for years in the state legislature, elected each time without opposition, innocent of the adjustments my teachers thought essential to the development of Good Citizenship. Jem, educated on a half-Decimal half-Duncecap basis, seemed to function effectively alone or in a group, but Jem was a poor example: no tutorial system devised by man could have stopped him from getting at books. As for me, I knew nothing except what I gathered from Time magazine and reading everything I could lay hands on at home, but as I inched sluggishly along the treadmill of the Maycomb County school system, I could not help receiving the impression that I was being cheated out of something. Out of what I knew not, yet I did not believe that twelve years of unrelieved boredom was exactly what the state had in mind for me.

In The World of Venice, with its small, delicious brilliancies, James Morris has written a book that is not quite travel, not quite history, but a collection of illuminations. Published by Pantheon, The World of Venice is a generous, knowing monologue by a man who has the wit to close his love song to Venice—a place insular, insolent, shrewd, shimmering, and doomed, by a superb dialectic, to sink beneath the water that made it great—with this observation: "No wonder George Eliot's husband fell into the Grand Canal." Here, an excerpt that touches upon one of the Venetian vanities.

They are tall, they walk beautifully, and they are often fair (in the sixteenth century Venetian ladies used to bleach their hair in the sunshine, training it through crownless hats like vines through a trellis). Their eyes are sometimes a heavy-lidded greenish-blue, like the eyes of rather despondent armadillos. Rare indeed is a dishevelled Venetian woman, and even the Madonnas and female saints of the old masters are usually elegantly dressed. The most slovenly people to be seen in the city are nearly always tourists—cranks and water-colour artists apart.

The Venetians are not, by and large, rich: but they have always spent a large proportion of their money on clothes and ornaments, and you will hardly ever see a girl dressed for pottering, in a sloppy sweater and a patched skirt, or in that unpressed dishabille that marks the utter emancipation of the Englishwoman. Women may not, here as elsewhere in Italy, enter a church in slacks: but most Venetian ladies would shudder at the very notion of trousers, if compelled to join a snake-hunt up the Amazon river. The girls at the University, who are either studying languages, or learning about Economics and Industrial Practices, look more like models than academics: and the housemaids, when they walk off in scented couples for their weekend pleasures, would hardly seem out of place at Ascot, or at a gala convention of the Women Lawyers' Association.

This love of dress is deep-rooted in the Venetian nature. The men are very dapper, too, and until quite recently used to cool themselves with little fans and parasols in the Public Gardens—"curious," as Augustus Hare observed austerely in 1896, "to English eyes."...

sharp, deep biography that glows with a deceptively verbatim patina of chance remarks and observations, Portrait of Max is S. N. Behrman's remembrance of Sir Max Beerbohm, the great caricaturist, amusing
parodist, notable drama critic, and totally entrancing conversationalist. In Portrait of Max, published by Random House,
Behrman traces back over a series of visits to Beerbohm at
his Italian villa in Rapallo, between 1952 and his death, at
eighty-four, in 1956. Like everything about its subject, this
biography is a small work beautifully done, as polished as if
Behrman had used Gorham's silver polish on his prose. Here,
an excerpt about a 1954 visit, when (Continued on page 98)





Bright little suits with a non-wrinkle clause

Little suits in clear, bright colours in a wrinkle-shunning fabric—they're marvellous for city, or for jetting across continents.

Left: In a clear tulip-red, a culotte and jacketone of the most comfort-promoting travel inventions since the wheel. The slim divided skirt has patch pockets; the jacket drops just to the waist; the fabric is a fine-drawn basket weave. By Rosenblums, of Dacron and worsted by Raeford; about \$90. Red straw bowler by Miss Dior; Monet bracelet; gloves by Grandoe. All at Lord & Taylor. Photographed at Idlewild Airport, in the Pan American Building. Right: In bright turquoise, an easy, unstrict little suit, cardigan-throated, with a ropy tie. The skirt is softly gathered in front; the fabric as translated here is smooth, almost chiffonfine. By Bettina, in Raeford fabric of Dacron and worsted, about \$160. Black bubble hat by Miss Dior. Both at Lord & Taylor. Clothes, these pages, also at Rich's; Neiman-Marcus.









# NEW CONTINUITY FOR BEAUTY

Whether February means a place in the sun—Martinique, Jamaica, Palm Springs—a snowy span in Biarritz, or simply the formula-as-before on home ground, any woman with a spark of interest in life is likely to experience one or more moments of truth in which she realizes that something has gone askew with her looks. Not radically wrong, but wrong enough to be irritating, to sap the spirit when it craves infusions of pleasure. Measures to prevent these plummets or to pull out of them, restored and attractive, are the subject of the beauty bulletin streamered across this page and the next four, with pointers on half a dozen small crises.

COIFFURE CONTINUITY: For the woman who's taken on the shorter-straighter hair that's news now, one more point is even newer news—the return of the part. Sometimes it's a dividing line no longer than an inch, running from low bangs to a high crown; sometimes, a true die of a part as long as five inches. Either way, it presents for the one woman in three who dyes her hair a vexing problem when the fresh hue has turned to a cry of roots. The answer: colour crayons used just after shampoos and especially effective for covering grey. These by Roux and the Ogilvie Sisters. Or coloured hair sprays that whoosh on. These by Roux, Harriet Hubbard Ayer.

RAWLINGS



KNEES AND ELBOWS for beauty: One of the great deprived groups in beauty, these functional joints can be—if you know the way paled and velveted to the point where they become almost, in fact definitely charming, whether it's the beach you're trying to hit or simply a sleeveless dress. Two ways: Stendhal's Civita, a heavy, rosy cream that bleaches and softens. Or the frothy, flowersome Swedish formula by Max Factor.

FOR THE NOT-SO-YOUNG IN NECK: Disheartening but true is the fact that the soft, swan-y look of a woman's throat may give way to sag, wrinkles, and goose-bump skin before she's even thinking of the so-called golden years. And the reason, nine necks out of ten, is because women think scarcely at all about therapy and maintenance in this vulnerable zone. (One woman we know who barely had her first-born out of the cradle was startled when the facial expert at a good salon remarked that her face would do, but her neck—well, only masques would help.) In any case, Lancôme, the famous French perfume and cosmetic house, has a stimulating cream that's full of what's good for this situation—Sculpturale, burgeoned with a variety of beneficent serum and vitamins, to stroke on nightly.

SULTRY LIPS: If you've noted, from time to time, the warm, glistening look of the star's lips in a French movie, your moment is at hand. Two new beauty-props will produce this allure in what is known as a flash. A liquid, Lip Smooth (by Martha Lorraine), slips on before lipstick, protects lips from sun and wind, and more important in our view imparts a liquid smoulder to the colour you apply on top. Same goes for Frances Denney Lip Moisturizer (a stick).





RAWLINGS

COMPLEXION CONTINUITY: The search for wonderful skin—a quest irresistible to even rather happily endowed women—is leading now in the direction of "treatment" cosmetics designed to uncover the layer of fresh young skin that lies directly beneath the face's present outerwear. Organizing this mining operation are the preparations called peelers—usually a series of vials or miniature jars to be opened and used on alternate days over a period of ten days or so, then set aside. These peelers cause a certain amount of visible flaking and may give a woman a few slightly rough days before the satiny new skin appears. Among them are a new John Robert Powers kit, Saison-à-Saison, which aims to give you a new skin each season and includes Prime Essence, the peel-agent, plus Crème Concentrate to soften and rejuvenate. Ella Baché has for some time had an excellent team of renewing preparations called Peau Neuve and Crème Intex. A whole other rush of tactful peeler treatments is on the way, and these will be reported later when they have passed Vogue's field trials.



#### RAWLINGS

# NEW CONTINUITY FOR BEAUTY

EXERCISE THAT LIVES WITH YOU: For any woman whose time is chockablock with things-that-must-be-done (and that takes in most of the female population of the U.S.A.), one of the most workable exercise plans of all time is the Mensendieck System. Based on the accurate knowledge of muscles, how they work, and how to make them work properly, Mensendieck can be practically mastered in ten half-hour sessions in a salon, then continued at home—and here comes the miracle factor—in a matter of roughly ten minutes a day. In New York, Miss Jennifer Yoels is one of the people to seek out for instruction, and the lessons go something like this: With the aid of life-sized muscle charts, two full-length mirrors, and a skeleton, she immediately sets about teaching you to know your muscles. where they are, what happens when you use them. To make everything as clear as that famous autumn morn, you strip completely to observe the stretches and bends. During the first session most of the time goes into establishing correct posture—feet slightly apart, thigh muscles taut, abdomen pulled up, trunk pulled up, head erect, shoulder-tips down. Along with this Miss Yoels analyzes existing body faults, relates problems to the muscle chart, and explains the importance of proper breathing, keeping muscles "alert" at all times—no slumping in taxis, no crooked arms when walking about (your handbag should be carried at your side, not over your arm), and don't forget those thigh muscles walking or sitting. The heart of this matter is simply that lazy muscles not only mean flab, they actually encourage fatty deposits in all the wrong places, whereas alert, ever vigilant, Mensendiecktrained muscles will work for you forever, performing so brilliantly they practically "sculpture" the figure. In our experience what really counts with any exercise plan, though, is appeal, and so far we have encountered both diehard, acrobatic exercise fiends and plainly slothful exercise-haters who say they're happy with their newly alerted muscles. The place to go in New York is 105 West 55th Street. Three sample exercises appear to the right.

WAISTLINE ATTACK: Establish proper posture as described at left. Lift arms sideways and up to overhead position. Touch finger tips together so that arms make a sort of ellipse; drop shoulder-tips; then bend slightly to right, then to left, lifting up from the waistline and pushing ribs out with each bend. For best results. smoothest routine. do this rhythmically once on each side and repeat. Try to ignore incidental resemblances to the hula; remember you're doing this because it's good for you.





SKIRT, VOGUE PATTERN 9903

stick: Pomegranate, by Harriet Hubbard Ayer. For other views, details, page 21.



# FRESH IN PUERTO RICO AND HAWAII

#### Two in Old San Juan

In time, all the buildings in Old San Juan—Puerto Rico's mellow eighteenth-century city where the vigorous Restoration Program to preserve Spanish architecture is in full swing—will regain their elegance. In two freshly restored houses, there are, since last summer, two new restaurants, La Danza and El Toledo; both are air-conditioned, remain open until 3 A.M., and are on Fortaleza Street, that lovely cobbled street, thin as a vein, which ends at the sixteenth-century fortress by the bay.

El Toledo, which is big, serves charcoal steaks and delicious native lobsters. It has dinner-dancing, and flamenco guitars and dancers. At the bar, guests have their own bottle of liquor, which comes with a tapemeasure down the side to measure the number of drinks; many choose a bottle of the gold-coloured Puerto Rican rum, others, the local beer, cerveza, with its special nonbitter taste. At the smaller and quiet La Danza, named after the stately, glittering Puerto Rican musical form of the nineteenth century, black and white la danza sheet music covers the walls. Here, there is good Puerto Rican food: asopao (stew); pasteles (turnovers stuffed with meat); ink-black Puerto Rican coffee, as well as French wines and German beer. Gentle piano music. Certain tables have window-views on the handsome houses of Cristo Street; at night, the balconies are as crowded as opera boxes on Saturday matinées.

#### San Juan's night-club cruise

Every Wednesday, Friday, and Sunday evening, at San Juan, there is a floating night club aboard the 165-foot S. S. "Potomac," the yacht formerly used by President Franklin D. Roosevelt. The yacht cruises around the sixteenth-century Spanish fortress, El Morro, rising 145 feet above the Atlantic, and along San Juan's beach front with its strip of brightly-lighted hotels, like baby U. N. buildings. Aboard ship, a bar and a lively steel band; the three-hour cruise, \$5 a person.

#### On an offshore island

At Vieques, that small, green, fish-shaped island off Puerto Rico's easternmost (Continued on page 104)

#### Two in Honolulu

In Waikiki, where tall cement new buildings do not quite blend with palms, even the green sphynx-shaped Diamond Head has a rise of buildings where its feet should be. The enchanting Church of St. Augustine, built of sandy-beige slats and trellised like a garden-house, will be replaced soon by more cement and stained glass. On Sundays, the holy statues wear fat *leis*, and at the entrance gate, they serve pineapple juice in paper cups.

Le Coq d'Or, Waikiki's new luxe restaurant, serves superb food, with style. There is no door to the small, attractive, white-and-gold restaurant, merely a span of white screen; no coatroom needed in this gentle, tropical climate. White leather banquettes; excellent French food and wines, served by red-coated waiters from white iron wagons. In the back, the barroom, known as Le Bistro, draws a quiet after-dinner crowd who like the good piano playing of a talented young Hawaiian musician, René Paulo. A pleasant Basque, Al Batz, who owns this spot, will also run the new high-up, revolving restaurant, La Ronde, to open this summer in the huge shopping centre, La Moana. Note: Le Coq d'Or is at the corner of 1900 Kalakaua Avenue; the great specialty, the cold hors d'oeuvres served on iced plates. (Prices run high.)

Although it is almost forty years old, the Waioli Tea Room is still an attractive luncheon place, some twenty minutes away in the very green Manoa Valley. Oddly enough the Tea Room was established by The Salvation Army as a girls' home. The pretty girl students wearing tight-fitting holomuus, with brilliant hibiscus in their hair, both serve and cook. Built on hilly, landscaped gardens with woods of bougainvilleas, the only tearoom feature is the fact that it does not serve liquor. The superb buffet luncheons include a great variety of salads, a hot main course served at the table, and spectacular desserts. (Closed on Sundays, Mondays, and holidays.)

#### Two on Kauai

On Kauai—that greenest of the outer-islands, forty-five minutes by plane from Honolulu—the new beach hotel is the Kauai Surf, a mile from the paved airstrip slicing through plumed sugar cane fields. Ten stories high, somewhat like a matchbox, (Continued on page 104)

#### Country perfection—a house that runs itself -

On a slope overlooking the rolling green country just north of New York City, I. M. Pei, the architect, built for his family this superbly detailed small house, as clean in line and totally functional as a jet in flight. What the Peis needed was a place to spend winter weekends as well as the entire summer, a house in which Mrs. Pei could manage—with no help at all—the family's four children, plus frequent guests. Mr. Pei's solution was an expansible house: a small inner core (easy to keep and inexpensive to heat) large enough for weekends during the winter; a screened deck, to give the family more space for summer. (Floored with natural spruce, the deck runs clear around the house, may be rinsed off with a hose.) The part of the deck shown here faces the sunset; the Peis and their guests have drinks there most summer evenings. (On the wall, a Franz Kline painting; in the far corner, a Giacometti figure.) On the next six pages, more about this house—and what makes it so workable.

# VOCIUE'S FASHIONS in LIVING



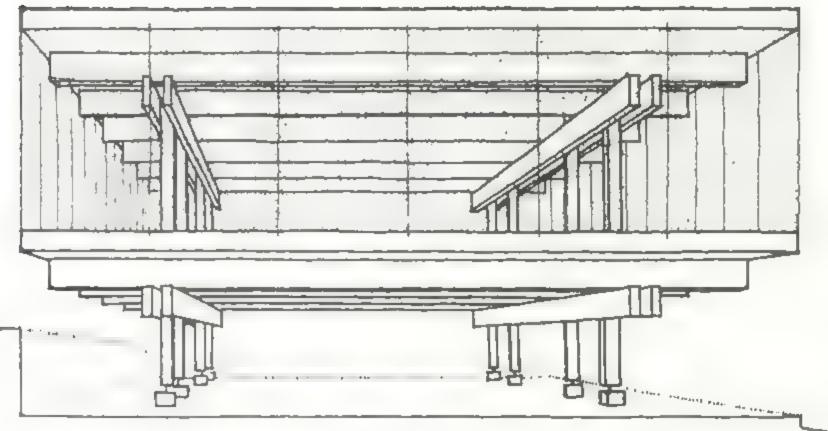


# SMALL-HOUSE PERFECTION



Entrance: a broad wooden platform, granite steps, the dense woods beyond

Managed without help:
the I.M. Pei house
near New York City



Perspective drawing: the spare geometric frame from the view side

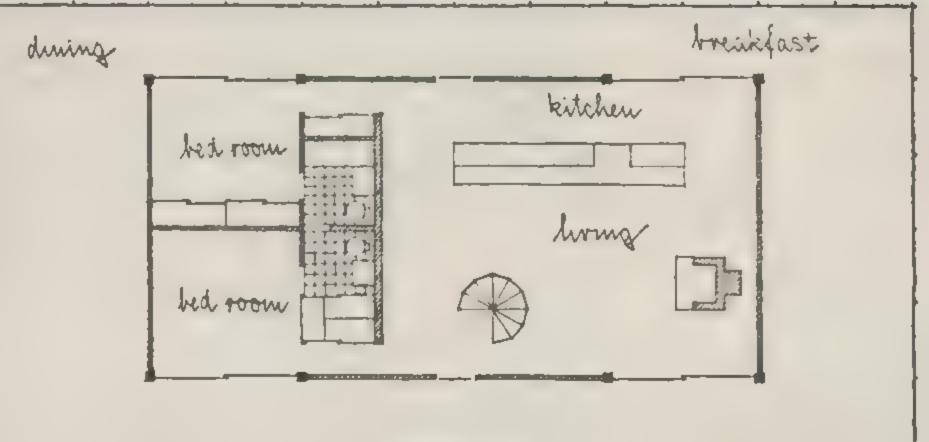
Built by a brilliant architect for his own family, this straight sweep of glass and wood stands in the gentle hills of Westchester County, a beautiful, workable, small house kept with no help at all. With great inventiveness, the architect-owner, I. M. Pei, designed the frame of standard, prefabricated materials, meant to be erected in one day, roofed in seven. (The point: to save money not only by using local workers, but by getting them inside, out of possible bad weather, almost instantly.) A calm, precise, enthusiastic man, Mr. Pei swings coolly through a schedule that might include conferences in Honolulu one day, in New York the next; one of his new projects, at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, is the Earth Sciences Center, a revolutionary design that suspends twenty floors, like bridge spans, between two concrete piers. What both he and his wifea small-boned beauty who looks somewhat younger than their sixteenyear-old son-wanted was a weekend-and-summer house flexible enough to handle, without help, four children, and a fair amount of entertaining. What they built, in 1952, was this unchangingly superb house, with its subtle play of textures—paper, glass, aluminum, bamboo, teak, and the massive laminated-pine beams that support the house—its distillation of several architectural traditions, its feeling of floating free on the side of a hill. One of the two bedrooms, opposite. Both open onto the deck that surrounds the house; both are screened with bamboo. Dividing the two is a closet wall, its sliding doors checkerboards of Japanese paper. The three older Pei children roll their wheeled beds wherever they want, but the youngest, eight months, still sleeps in a basket. (Continued on next page)



Small-house
perfection—
managed
without help:
the I. M. Pei house

A SENSE OF EVER-EXPANDING SPACE opens up this small house, making it seem far larger than the nine-hundred-and-ninety square feet it measures. Although a long white cabinet, above, separates the living room from the galley kitchen, one looks not only over the cabinet but into a long Chinese scroll, with delicate calligraphy and infinitely distant mountains. Everything looks free: the pine beams seem to float, tawny and streaked, one upon another, the white-washed brick fireplace stands away from any wall, the land-scape falls away out beyond the deck to make this room seem suspended in space. (Eight columns support the house; beneath, there is an open place, a kind of roofed terrace floored with pebbles. A spiral stairway leads down from the living room.) During the day, light streams in not only through the glass doors but through a skylight; at night, the Peis keep that open look of the room by letting most of the light—except for candles and a blaze in the fireplace—come in from the mistily illuminated garden. Against the predominant whites of the room, there are the dark teakwood floors, the dulled reds and beiges of an Oriental rug, the splash of big abstracts (on the far wall, above, a Marfaing) and, always, the colour of the country beyond the deck. (Continued on page 92)





Drawing showing the fluid plan

VOGUE, JANUARY 15, 1961



DAMORA

The stair well, looking like a low screen; beyond, the free-standing white brick fireplace.

In this room, every detail—even the airiness of cane in the rocker—adds to the illusion of space.

The kitchen side of the cabinet at left; more working space, not shown, makes it a galley.





Above: The deck at the back of the house—a break-fast table at one end, dining table at the other.

Right: On the side of the house that faces the woods, the dining deck, airy as a tree house.

Small-house perfection: the I. M. Pei house

#### DURING THE SUMMER,

the Pei house expands to include the entire deck, with its contrasting surfaces of spruce and pine and aluminum, the occasional clear brilliance of its rugs, the long, floating horizontals of its supporting beams. (The double beams hold recessed lights.) Because the wrap-around screen keeps out not only insects but falling leaves, there is no upkeep on the deck; during a rainstorm, the Peis simply slide the exposed furniture to some part of the deck away from the wind.

Because the Peis wanted a way of summer living that required no outside help, they have evolved an entertaining plan quite as fluid—and as absolutely successful—as their house. They ask eight or ten for dinner almost every weekend in summer; everyone has drinks on the side of the deck facing the sunset (see page 87), moving for dinner to the other side (opposite), with its views of the deep woods, the theatrically illuminated garden. During drinks, Mrs. Pei or one of the three older children handles last-minute dinner details; after dinner, everyone moves inside the house for coffee, so that clearing the table can be left until the end of the evening. Although the Peis prefer this kind of small dinner, they once invited eighty for square dancing and a buffet supper. With musicians and callers on the front deck, guests danced on the lawn and carried their supper to small tables (lighted by kerosene lamps) around the edge of the clearing.

Mostly for the older children, partly for weekend guests, the Peis will build, this year, another small house, near a grove of birches on the same gentle hill. The point, again: effortless living, in a house full of space, subtle details, beautiful proportions.



Sculpture silhouetted against the screen



Dieting if you have no character at all Part II:

# how to be a calorie chiseler

Editor's note: In June, Vogue published Phillip Haberman's dieting-without-character plan. During the next few weeks that article brought some six thousand letters to the owner of a diet-food shop mentioned, so swamping him that he hired two assistants and lost five pounds; the article also brought two important publishers to Mr. Haberman with invitations to write a book on his kind of dieting. A convert both to writing and to calorie chiseling, Mr. Haberman, a distinguished lawyer, a partner in a famous New York firm, was recently appointed by Governor Rockefeller to the New York State Commission on Governmental Operations of the City of New York.

ieting is a very individual matter. Some individuals manage to reduce the quantity they eat. Some get along on one or two meals a day. Others make ends meet with set-calorie preparations beefed up with vitamins, minerals, and trace elements.

People who can do these things permanently have large supplies of will power. I have never met any of them, but trustworthy informants have assured me that they exist. I would be proud to meet such a character, but would not presume to offer him any advice.

My diet friends belong to a different school. They are disenchanted about themselves. They like to think of themselves as gourmets, though deep down they know that a gourmet is just a glutton with brains. But they are earnest about their dieting and they do have modest reserves of high motivation. They have learned some lessons with the passing years, including the truth that, for many of us, dieting is a deadly game in which the stake is not only our figures, but much more, our youth, our health, and our self-respect. My friends have also learned their limitations. They have tried reducing pills, trick diets, crash diets, watering places, gymnasia, steam baths, and Scandinavian massage. And they have learned, failure by failure, that for them the effects do not last much longer than what they-and I-have in very short supply: will power.

So let's state the problem the way it presents itself to those who wisely decide to husband their modest fund of character for areas in which it can more profitably be invested.

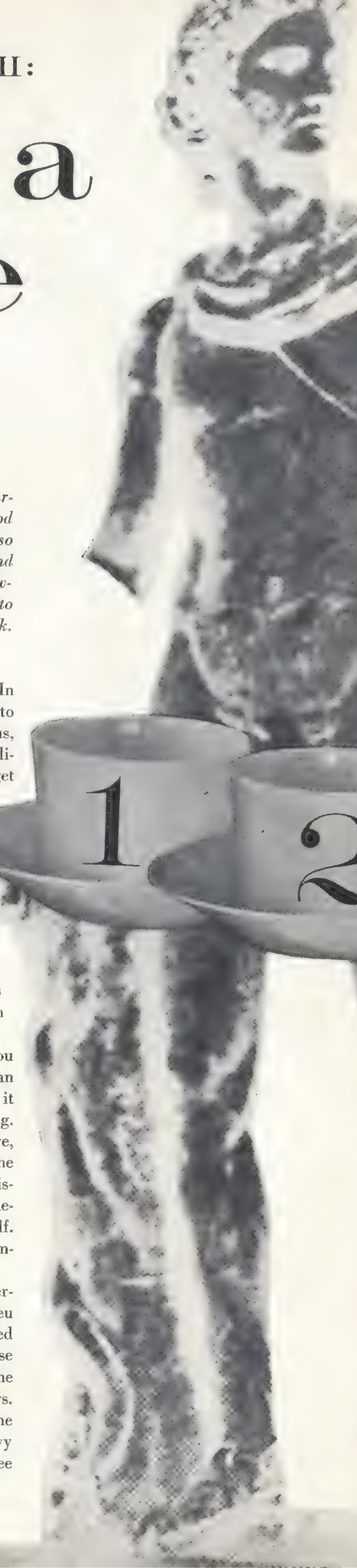
Baldly, the nub is how to live, for keeps, on

low-calorie food that satisfies. In quality. In quantity. In frequency. How to submit to temptation, not avoid it. By enjoying delicious, satisfying low-calorie meals instead of delicious, satisfying high-calorie meals. How to get up from the table—every time—happy, well-fed, and contented, yet never eat a meal that will show on your bathroom scale tomorrow or week-after-next.

The proper definition of calorie chiseling is crucial. Proper chiseling is substitution, not deprivation. Doing without is not chiseling: it is self-denial without self-understanding. In chiseling, you gratify, but you don't fatify. And the joyful fact is this: just a little non-punishing chiseling can have far-reaching, cumulative results.

To demonstrate this, let's assume that you like your coffee creamed, with sugar. You can just cut out the cream and sugar and take it black, but for you that is not good chiseling. It is just self-punishment, and somewhere, somehow, you will compulsively make up the deficit when you aren't looking. But the chiseler is crafty and conniving. He frequently deceives his stomach, but never deceives himself. Beyond this, he thinks. In the case of creamin-the-coffee, he might think like this.

He might start with coffee as misunderstood in France. At his sidewalk café, M'sieu takes it with hot milk, fifty-fifty. This is called café au lait, but it is really café à l'eau, because milk is eighty-seven per cent water. By the time the waiter has poured in enough of Mrs. Cow's Regular Blend to give your coffee the colour you get here with a small blob of heavy cream, you have diluted the original coffee





## HOW TO BE A CALORIE CHISELER

(Continued from page 95)

around your midriff reflects a cumulative surplus of roughly 4,500 calories per flesh-pound, and a cumulative deficit of 4,500 calories will remove that pound, no matter how long it takes you to accumulate this deficit. Thus at five cups a day, this one insignificant little chisel, because it contains no built-in compulsion to compensate by going out for a Hershey bar, should take off that pound in less than four weeks, or as much as seven pounds in six months, even if you make no other change whatever in your eating habits.

Now don't get the idea that this is all you should do. It is only an example. But it proves that a modest chisel is a good beginning. If, then, you develop another chisel and then a third, you are on your way to permanent victory: you will be a guileful, yet purposeful and successful dieter, and the long-term result will astonish no-body as much as yourself.

Best of all, you will be following the primrose path to victory, not the rocky road to defeat. If you stray from the chiseler's diet, it will be because you want to stray, not because you must. This means that you can maintain your desired weight when you get there, because the chisels that got you there are easily continued and, unlike deprivation diets, the chisel diet is one that you like, one that satisfies you, one that leaves you free of the frustrated cravings that send your weight right back up to where it was when they bring the inevitable moment of surrender.

After all, the relevant question for dieters is not how many calories they downed yesterday. The relevant question, the question that pays fitting tribute to the age and dignity of our habits is, how many calories did you eat last year?

Hence the philosophy of the real chisel, the philosophy that every time you pass up a chance to do a chisel, that's one chisel you're never going to have—not ever. For tomorrow's chisel is like tomorrow's love affair: it is not today's chisel postponed. It is a separate and distinct chisel, and the one you passed up today is gone beyond recall.

Consider, then, the folly of the dieter who says, "I'm going to start tomorrow." Or next week. This unfortunate doesn't mean not

to start dieting. He will start. But the postponement shows that he is going to practise self-denial. It reflects his dread of the deprivations, of the humiliation of certain surrender. For everything in this area is cumulative, even the cravings. What every Defeated Dieter knows is that accumulated, denied, pent-up cravings will breach the walls in time.

Not for the accomplished chiseler the predoomed effort to save calories by just cutting menu items. For this reptile knows a hair shirt when he sees one.

No, the chiseler compensates. He never robs Peter without paying Peter (he lets Paul take care of himself). He practises the real Chiseler's Coup, the Grand Slam of the kitchen. And he knows that the Grand Coup is scored only when you substitute a low-calorie item for a high-calorie item without loss of taste, quantity, or satisfaction.

Here is where he finds his insurance policy. Not the fifty- or hundred-calorie deductible policy that guarantees your ultimate fall off the wagon. For it is an absolute condition of the true chiseler's policy that he must eat plenty, he must like what he eats, and he must never suffer a sense of deprivation. This way he wins.

Let's have an example. This, until my wife invented it, was one of the thousands of beautiful low-calorie recipes patiently waiting to be discovered. We call it Chiseled Eggs.

The first phase of this chisel is calling it eggs. Actually, it is egg. Only one egg per serving, at seventy calories per egg, but it looks and satisfies like two eggs.

You think you have caught us inflating this egg with milk. But you are wrong. Rudolph Stanish, the Omelette King (New York hostesses book him a year ahead to do omelette-centred parties), uses water. And Rudolph doesn't give a tinker's hoot about calories; only about what tastes good.

Take that egg, and gently beat in two teaspoons of cold water. Then one-half teaspoon of Aspic Base (made by Instant Foods, New York, and obtainable at many health food stores).

Let me digress from eggs and tell you about finding these low-calorie foods. Early in July, we weekended with old friends who have a place near Harpers Ferry, West Virginia. They are wily, experienced calorie counters, and Jimmy, a retired Colonel of Marines, is an Old China Hand in the kitchen. As our customary peace-offering, we brought an arsenal of diet stuff from New York. Arti-nuggets-Stix, Weber's cookies, Instant Onion Base, Vi-gor Cup, dietetic canned fruits, et cetera.

Our hosts loved these items, but where to get them? This was over three hundred miles from New York. Wouldn't they have to do without? A little thinking produced two answers: "Take us to your supermarket," we commanded, in leadership tones. The Acme Supermarket in Brunswick, Maryland, had a diet section that far surpassed the one in our Grand Union in northern Westchester. A half-hour's browsing in the Acme turned up several items we never knew, plus many we did. Including the ingredients of the impossible: sixty-calorie chocolate pôt-au-crême mit schlag (recipe below).

For the offbeat items, it seemed that Jimmy goes to Washington every third or fourth week. The Yellow Pages of the Washington phone book list a whole column under "Foods—Health." I don't get around to all of the department stores, but diet foods in New York are at Bloomingdale's and Altman's; Abraham & Straus in Brooklyn has a diet shop that carries everything. End of digression.

To get back to that egg. You then season with Accent, salt, and fresh-ground pepper. Then you do it sort of half-omelette, half-scramble, using a Novetti frying pan, which has a silicone lining that prevents sticking. (The pan comes from Pampered Kitchens, Inc., New York.) If you want to be a purist-recommended if you fear to re-expose yourself to the taste of butter—a mere smitch of Pam Dry-Fry on the bottom of the pan. If you want, use a pea-size tidbit of margarine—the amount on the end of a penknife-instead of the Pam Dry-Fry.

To serve, put it on a lightly toasted slice of Wuest's Gluten Soy Log (only twenty-three calories, and one of the best-tasting of all breads). Bacon flavour it, if you like, by sprinkling with Bakon Yeast (Christ Cella, that famous steak house in New York, keeps this on the table like salt and pepper). If you want to be a low-

calorie hog, use some dietetic jam or marmalade on your fork; the brands I know and like are Louis Sherry, Dia-Mel, and Slenderella, particularly its boysenberry (Gimbels in New York carries the Slenderella brand).

And what will you say when you eat it? You, the incorrigible butter-and-egg man (for the antiquity of this combination, see *Henry IV*, Part I. Act I, Scene II) will say, "Why didn't they ever tell me the truth about eggs?" And all for only ninety calories, f.o.b. fork.

There are no less than ten separate chisels in the consummation of this fraud-on-the-stomach:

1 egg made like two.
Water instead of milk.
Aspic Base for volume
 and flavour.
Calorie-free seasoning.
Silicone-lined frying pan.
Pam Dry-Fry or insignificant margarine instead of butter.
Toast for less than one-third the usual calories.
Putting the egg on, not butter-

Putting the egg on, not buttering, the toast.

Pagen flavour without bacon

Bacon flavour without bacon.
Calorie-free (almost) jam or
marmalade.

CHISELED PÔT-AU-CRÊME CHOCOLAT

In the original, this is France's most felonious assault on the waistline. One tiny little potlet, and you're ruined for the week. But my wife has discovered its counterfeit: so artful that dieting friends have refused out of sheer skepticism to finish it. Here's how.

To serve four, start with two envelopes of chocolate D-Zerta. Add 12/3 cups of evaporated skim milk diluted with  $\frac{1}{3}$  cup of water. Now, for that rich flavour, put in one scant teaspoon of highcalorie chocolate syrup. Yes, I know this is off-limits, but when you use only a tiny bit, and then whack it up between four people, the Supreme Court of Diet Appeals says it is de minimis. Then, for no extra calories, you get that Mocha-chocolate flavour with two heaping teaspoons of instant coffee. One and a half teaspoons of McCormick's imitation brandy flavour—or the real thing; it tastes like the stuff people go to jail for. If you like a nutty, crunchy feeling, scatter some wheat germ into the mix while cooking. To cook, just bring to a boil. If you do this in a double

boiler, it won't stick. Then pour your concoction into little potlets or dessert cups and stick it in the fridge till dessert time.

Top off at serving time with fake whipped cream from the supermarket. There are several brands. They come in squirt cans, like shaving cream. But you have to be careful, because real, sugary whipped cream comes this way too, and my supermarket keeps both kinds in the same coldbin. So read the label. (Always read labels if you want to be savvy about foods.) The brands that are low-calorie either tell you so flat out, or they proclaim that they contain no milk solids or butterfat. I have tried and like Top-Wip and Lucky Whip.

#### LOW-CALORIE THICK SOUP

In my article, "How to Diet If You Have No Character at All," I said that certain things must be eliminated from the diet absolutely, finally, and positively. One of these was thick soup. I have now eaten these words along with the soup. There are dreamy low-calorie thick soups, and if you love thick soup the way I do, you will not snicker at my mistake. You will have this soup and say thank you.

1 can Claybourne Diet Pack Tomato Soup 1 can Claybourne Diet Pack Mushroom Soup ½ can water 1 can Campbell's Beef Broth

Salt to taste (the Claybourne soups are salt-free and should be well salted for ordinary reducers)

Ac'cent

Mix, heat, and serve. It's thick, filling, and good for the soul. And when it's divvied between four or five, each member gets fifty calories or less. You won't believe it, but it's so.

#### OVEN-COOKED BROILERS AND RICE À LA NEEDWOOD

Did you know that the fat in a well-fed chicken is mostly under the skin, that much of it can be scraped out before you cook? Did you know that after the fat that remains has played its very important part in the cooking process, it can be largely decalorized by using brandy? Did you know that the calories (the alcohol) in the brandy will then disappear as you finish the cooking?

Even though it leaves its beautiful flavour-effect behind when the alcohol evaporates.

These things are all so, and the recipe that follows comes from Needwood Forest, once the house of Thomas Sim Lee, Governor of Maryland when that state ratified the Constitution. This recipe, a masterpiece of the present owners, does honour to the house in which it was invented.

Provide half of a 2-pound broiler per person (do not split). Clean well with a damp cloth. Reach under the skin and scrape out excess fat as far as possible. Rub each broiler with garlic, Lawry's Seasoned Salt, coarse-ground black pepper, and paprika. Put in a roasting pan UPSIDE DOWN; that is, breast down, back up. This automatically bastes the white meat by letting the remaining fat drain through the breast on its way to the pan below. Bake at 400°-425° for 25 to 30 minutes until brown and tender. Then remove from the oven and pour most of the fat out of the pan. Splash each chicken with a tablespoon of French brandy (don't use a real Fine Champagne or anything fancy: the garden variety does just as well). Put back in the oven (turned off but still warm) for another 10 minutes. Before removing baste well with the hot brandy from the bottom of the pan. Split or quarter before serving.

If serving six, cook one cup of Avorio low-calorie rice for 25 minutes in the double boiler in 1½ cups of boiling water with a teaspoon of salt and the juice of one lemon. Then remove to a colander and shake the rice as you wash it thoroughly under very hot running water. (This removes the excess starch that has collected on the outside of the grains.) Then spread the rice on a cookie sheet that has been sprayed with Pam Dry-Fry or very lightly oiled with not more than 1/2 teaspoon of vegetable oil (Mazola, Wesson, Hain Saf-flower or the like). Dry, shaking occasionally, in low oven (250°) for 25 minutes. The rice is done when the kernels remain firm and separate.

#### CHISELED PARFAITS

If you think that a lowcalorie parfait is impossible, you are misdefining the word. It isn't the ice cream that makes it a parfait; it's the shape of the glass.

A parfait is form, not sub-

stance. Mostly, it's something we never had at home when I was a child. But in the old-fashioned American Plan Summer Hotel (when your father took a steam train to the Golf Links, and they had a separate dining room for the children and their governesses), the parfait appeared twice a week. To this day it makes me drool just to see a stratified concoction in a tall frosty piece of stemware with just one lousy little maraschino on the top. Never mind what's underneath: when this thing appears, I am Pavlov's Dog. A conditioned reflex of this order of magnitude is a priceless asset to the chiseler.

I am not kidding about the shape of the glass. If this thing appeals to you (and you may be sure it will appeal to the kids), either get out those old parfait glasses or go buy some. Then let your creative spirit run wild.

A six-layer job is very lush. First layer, try some fresh fruit or diet apple sauce (Mott's is good, but we add a few drops of Sweeta or liquid Sucaryl.) Then a layer of D-Zerta pudding: vanilla or butterscotch; a layer of low-calorie jam. Next a few pine nuts for texture. Then repeat from bottom up and top off, after chilling, with fake whipped cream and that cher-

As you relish, watch the children and ask yourself two questions.

Number one: If this is dieting, why eat?

Number two: What combination shall I try next? (You might consider a coffee-flavoured cottage cheese-rum pudding laced with Tillie Lewis or Dia-Mel lowcalorie chocolate syrup.)

CHISELED EGGS BENEDICT, INCLUDING THE HOLLANDAISE

Reading from the bottom up, an orthodox egg benedict is a toasted English Muffin, a slice of fried ham, a poached egg, and hollandaise sauce. Our way: a lightly toasted thickish slice of Wuest's Gluten Soy Log which is so close to that muffin that what goes on top smothers the difference.

The ham is a paper-thin slice of beef, veal, or very lean Canadian bacon, fried the way we did that chiseled egg and flavoured rather strongly with Bakon Yeast.

The poached egg is, well, a

poached egg, flavoured with Ac'cent, salt, pepper, and paprika.

The Hollandaise is Balanaise dietetic mayonnaise thinned with non-fat evaporated milk and gently warmed in a pan. For each egg, one tablespoon of Balanaise to a scant teaspoon of milk. (Don't dilute with water, use it straight the way it comes.)

Extra Chisel-Bonus: The same for Asparagus Hollandaise, Hollandaise, Broccoli String Beans or Chinese Cabbage Hollandaise, or What-Have-You-Hollandaise. Without even trying.

A few more hints.

You can do much with yogurt. It can replace sour cream in your borshtch (yes, shtch. A Russian head waiter once explained the poverty of the English language: "You have no sh, you have no тсн, you have no sнтсн.") Flavoured with chives and fresh pepper, and used in place of butter, it makes the baked Idaho possible (if you keep away from giant Idahos). For you don't have to run away from potatoes every time—do you think you can live without calories? Yogurt can be the beginning of many things, including things nobody has ever heard of, if you are brave. Yogurt in the blender with various combinations of raw vegetables, herbs, and spices—and, perhaps cottage cheese, and tomato juice or V-8 juice, plus canned skim milkfor hot-weather cold soups. We use and like Dannon Yogurt, Manischewitz borshtch.

Another place for chisels is the unlimited world of salads. A salad is not just lettuce or a canned pear with cream dressing on a tired leaf. There are horizons far beyond chicken salad, even beyond Caesar salad. A salad is what's-in-the-ice-box-with-dressing. Dice that leftover meat and a boiled egg and chop up bits of carrot, celery, raw cauliflower: everything is improbable until you dice it or slice it fine, as the Chinese learned centuries ago.

Dressings unlimited: There are probably more kinds of lowcalorie salad dressing in your super-market than of any other one item. But don't be satisfied with just the ready-made variety, great though it is. Combine the kinds you buy, and throw in spices and herbs. Stick it in the blender, and don't be afraid to cream it with yogurt or cottage cheese. For a

(Continued on page 102)

#### "THE BEST OF THE BEST"

(Continued from page 73)

Behrman arrived with presents for both Max and his secretary, Miss Jungmann, who became Lady Beerbohm several weeks before his death.

... Max came in. He was wearing a blue skullcap. Miss Jungmann displayed the two presents. Max was so ravished by the wrappings of the packages that I urged Miss Jungmann not to open them, to avoid an anticlimax. Max chuckled and encouraged Miss Jungmann to risk it. First, however, he took the packages and ran a hand over the glossy surfaces. "How beautiful!" he exclaimed. "Scarlet and silver!" But there was a residue of enthusiasm for the contents, too: a heavy sweater for Max, and a woollen stole for Miss Jungmann. Miss Jungmann made Max try the sweater on at once for size. "I'll try it on for size," said Max, "but"—he smiled at me—"if you don't mind, I'll keep it on for warmth."

Max, when it was agreed that the sweater fitted, settled himself in the Merton chair. Miss Jungmann hovered over him solicitously. "Those dreadful nightmares of yours, Max! Was this one awful?"

"Have you noticed," said Max, "there is never any third act in a nightmare? They bring you to a climax of terror and then leave you there. They are the work of poor dramatists."

I asked whether he could remember them after they were done with him.

"My nightmares are almost always abstract, don't you know—not personal. The only personal ones are those connected with my childhood."

Miss Jungmann, aware that I knew of Max's aversion to psychiatry, chimed in, "Maybe a psychiatrist could help cure you of those awful things?"

Max laughed. He turned to me. "What would they do to me?" he inquired. "I adored my father and mother and I adored my brothers and sisters. What kind of complex would they find me the victim of? Oedipus and what else?" He reflected.... "They were a tense and peculiar family, the Oedipuses, weren't they?"

Suffused with that peculiar passion familiar to anyone who has ever been in thrall to a piece of country, Goodbye to a River is John Graves's record of a three-week float down a loved stretch of a loved river, the Brazos in West Texas, just before that stretch was swallowed by dams. What makes Goodbye to a River memorable is that it is more than a random gathering of stories about the Brazos country; it is a sifting-out of the past by a Texan who could write "It's not necessary to like being a Texan, or a Midwesterner, or a Jew, or an Andalusian, or a Negro, or a hybrid child of the international rich. It is, I think, necessary to know in that crystal chamber of the mind where one speaks straight to oneself that one is or was that thing...." In this excerpt from Goodbye to a River, published by Knopf, that thoughtful Texan wrote about the people who called the Brazos their country long before he did.

They were a swarming and persistent folk, the Spaniards of the old breed, and that even their missionaries did not manage to knot their toes into the grasses of northern and western Texas is testimony to the greater persistence of another, tougher breed. This was the Comanchería, this and eastern New Mexico and western Oklahoma and big swatches of Colorado and Kansas, or the lands we call those names now. And by the time the Spanish were set to extend themselves into those lands, the Comanches had the horse.

"Had" is inexact. The Comanches were squat pedestrians, incapable on the wide grass, until probably the early 1600's, when they began to learn to use the strayed Spanish stock for something other than barbecues. Then, within a century, they made themselves into one of history's great races of riders—and made riders too of the other plains tribes northward and westward to whom they traded ponies. During all human time, it seems, the Comanches, like their cousins the Tatars and the Cossacks and the Huns, had been awaiting that barbaric wholeness the horse was to give them. "Had?" If it was having, it was having in the sense that a man has a thigh, or a hand, or a heart. In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries on the South Plains the separate abstract ideas of Comanche and Horse were not in fact separable. . . .

Within a simply attuned natural-religious framework, they existed for pleasures but their pleasures were war and hunting and ravishment and kindred proud patriarchal violences. No other breed within their reach could or did like them except, finally, the closely similar Kiowas, but that fact sweated them very lightly. Those who did not like them could not whip them, either. They were The People, only a few thousand strong in their most numerous times, but total possessors of an empire of grass and timber and wild meat, and constant raiders, for pleasure, far outside the limits of that empire.

The Spaniards had horses, too, and guns, and a stark shoving religion, and a pride and greed that had carried them through conquests that nobody still would believe if the results weren't there to see. But the horse to them was a caparisoned pride, a tool rather than an appendage, and more of them now were comfortable mestizos and criollos than tough Spain-spawned seekers, and maybe a good bit of the shovingness had bled out along the flinty rich road from Vera Cruz. . . . What is certain is that by the middle of the eighteenth century the Comanches had them content to remain in their settlements in New Mexico and South Texas, and fearful enough to pay annual tribute in addition to the stolen horses and mules and women that flowed steadily outward to the plains. Braves with greasy ribboned braids lounged sardonically about the streets of San Antonio. Raids stabbed Old Mexico as far south as Durango. It was a kind of tangential retribution for Moctezuma and the burned libraries of the Mayas—not that the Comanches thought of working retribution for anyone's wrongs but their own, if they had any at that point. They were The People.

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#### 20 QUESTIONS

(Continued from page 39)

over; but there are several fashion reasons to consider long brown gloves, mushroom-beige, black. There are still, however, many situations that cry for short gloves. Little summer sleeveless, or almost sleeveless, day dresses really look their best with short cotton gloves; so do some little silk late-day nothing dresses. Then there's a slew of short leather and knitted, or furlined occasions—driving, winter country walking, and games.

#### 8. What goes over late-day clothes?

When it's not deep fur-coat weather, the little fur is a natural, and there are now as many as there are baby cars. Snipped-off jackets of broadtail, mink, and chinchilla; capelets (with the skins worked circularly) that just cover the shoulders and upper arms, hugged up in front with one big fur button or loop-through; long thick ropes of fox; long flat scarfs of fur by the yard—one stunning woman wears hers looped down the back with full-length evening dresses. Other news makers: an enormously long, enormously wide silk stole in sharp contrast or in the dress colour. For an elegant, spirited late-day or evening look, there are some terrific dark plaid silk scarfs, several square feet of them, dripping silk fringe. Ottoman probably has the lead right now in the cloth coat field; wool and silk alpaca, brocades, heavy non-glossy satins are close behind it. A three-quarter or seven-eighths coat in one of these fabrics is an investment for years; interlined it goes over dresses of late-day suits even in really cold weather. For Fashion Multiplied, see on pages 46, 47 the late-day black crêpe sheath with the flowered jacket, the long pink coat, all part of an exchange wardrobe with fashion raised to multiple power.

#### 9. Are there do's and don'ts for late-day shoes?

Yes, don't believe that the classic black suède, silk, or satin opera pump, any more than the little black dress, will take care of every late-day situation. They're immortal, uncontradictable many times but not with vivid, or even some of the deep muted, chiffons or satins. Black shoes look weighed down

and dreary with them, even the slenderest, most graceful shoe. The little-nothing dresses need silk or satin shoes in colours that follow the same rule of contrast that clothes do this year, biting surprises in combination, perhaps bean-green opera pumps, or sandals (the barer the sandal, the more formal) with a taupe or pink dress; or another kind of surprise, silk printed shoes-flowered or abstract, brilliant brocades embroidered in gold and silver. With white late-day suits or dresses and this year white is up there in the catbird seat—the shoes to wear are in the brown-to-straw family, from milk chocolate to pale wheat, some of them with long spatula toes. Brown silk shoes cover the range of beiges and taupes superbly.

#### 10. When is it necessary to wear a hat, when not?

The hat dilemma really stirs up more etiquette dust than necessary. It can be solved one-handed. There are only as many occasions where a hat is absolutely required as these—church, weddings, funerals, afternoon official receptions, garden parties at Buckingham Palace. Any other situations would be so special that guests would recognize them automatically or be specifically instructed.

#### 11. Would Vogue suggest a basic wardrobe for a Mediterranean or Caribbean trip?

With a bit of individual fitting, some snipping there and adding here, this is a wardrobe to allay the slightest clothes anxiety in the Mediterranean or Caribbean. The clothes line to hang on to in both places is—underdressing, everything of superb quality but understated. The bugaboo to beware of is going all out for native dress; what you buy on one island or town might be quite wrong a few miles away.

- 1 lightweight topcoat for trips to hilly areas.
- 1 light suit, jersey, cotton, linen; as an alternate, perhaps one of this year's coat-dresses—some more coat than dress, some more dress than coat.
- 3 dresses, silk, cotton, linen, jersey—or facsimiles often blended with synthetic fibres to lessen

wrinkling, step up drying. 1 jacketed dress to wear jacketed

late day, bare for evening.

2 bathing suits.

1 beach jacket or coat.

Separate skirts and blouses including a top for sunning; shorts or pants.

l cardigan sweater.

1 short evening dress.

1 pair black evening pants with brilliant silk one-colour or print overblouse.

1 pair of really good sun glasses (indispensable).

1 sun hat—perhaps a gondolier straw—any hat in the Mediterranean or Caribbean is merely for sun and wind protection.

3 or more scarfs for the head.

3 pairs short white or beige cotton gloves.

5 pairs shoes—flat sandals or espadrilles; high-heeled evening shoes; beige or brown leatherheeled shoes; medium-heeled sandal to wear with evening pants, dresses; water shoes for pebbly sea bottoms.

Lingerie, incidentals.

#### 12. When is a short evening dress not correct?

A short evening dress, which differs from a late-day dress because it is barer, or more glittering, or more elaborate in fabric, can't go to balls, embassy receptions, or white-tie occasions. In fact the black or white-tie invitation instructions to men are perfect gauges of what women are to wear. The short evening dress is correct anywhere black tie is, at dinner parties, restaurants, night clubs, theatres, the opera. But black tie doesn't necessarily insist on a short dress; is seen more and more with long, slim evening dresses.

#### 13. How short should a coat be?

If it's full-length, shorter than fashion-minded women many would think-a half inch below the shortest knee-plucking skirt. That goes for fur coats as well, which can be taken up without cutting by a good furrier; if their length is wrong they look wrong all over. The seven-eighths coat names its own length, one of the best this year over the short slender-stalk skirts.

#### 14. What are Mrs. Exeter's ground rules of dressing?

Not to look young or old but to look well-dressed-that is the kind of sensible self-appraisal on which all Mrs. Exeter's rules of dressing are based. She doesn't judge the fashion figure she cuts by the smallest size of dress she can squeeze into, but chooses clothes in any size that gives proportions that are right for her. Her first rule is one of line-clothes must have for her a firm but not hard outline. At the drop of a frill, she's off on the mistake some of her friends make of confusing softness with blurriness, those little wisps of vague veiling, fribbly blouses, fluffy around the face permanents instead of a well-defined, flattering coiffure. The only line Mrs. Exeter settles for is one with the slender look of an easy fit, especially over the diaphragm. This for her is a spot to camouflage with jacketed dresses, full flowing jackets, stoles, deep necklines that give the impression of length. Big or straight-falling coats worn open. None of her clothes expose the upper arm, that fastest of age tellers, although many of her lateday and long evening dresses (these she likes to wear even to small dinner parties) have bare shoulders. Mrs. Exeter's second thought in clothes-choosing is for colour-and she's definitely not afraid of it; prefers it a bit muted. She debunks the old prejudice against beige with grey hair, adores red. Limiting herself on bracelets and rings that call attention to her hands—age revealers, too-takes a bit of discipline. Mrs. Exeter makes up for it by indulging her taste for hats and beautiful shoes that flatter her still-good legs.

#### 15. How should a woman dress for a committee luncheon? Special celebration luncheon?

However simple or special the lunch party, no differently than she would dress for a day in New York with lunch at the Colony, or in San Francisco or Boston. Right now she might wear a bright wool suit—under a fur coat or furlined cloth coat, if the weather's demanding. Later, perhaps a simple silk dress or one of the mar-

(Continued on page 102)

#### MRS. LOEL GUINNESS

(Continued from page 53)

her way of wearing clothes, are more important than the clothes themselves. "In an old sweater and skirt and a pin from the ten-cent store, she'd outshine every woman in the room," said one close friend. While this may be a slight exaggeration, it is true that Mrs. Guinness looks wonderful in sweaters and skirts—and that she has carried the art of underdressing to a new height, or depth. Not long ago, she walked into Maxim's wearing a black cashmere sweater, a black wool skirt, and her black ermine coat from Balenciagawhich is collarless, straight, and cut very "small," almost skimpy; her only jewellery, two marvellous antique diamond pins. "She made all the silks and satins look miserable," a fascinated eye-witness reported. Another time, she turned up at the theatre in Paris in a plain black sheath (she has several Balenciaga sheaths, some black, some white); white gloves; diamond earrings; and a white crocheted coat from the Dior Boutique, which had really been designed for Cannes or Palm Beach—but which suddenly looked superbly right for that time and place.

Other famous Gloria Guinness looks are: one of the short Balenciaga sheaths, a white cable-knit sweater, and her necklace of round emeralds. Or, again for the theatre, a white cashmere sweater, red skirt, red coat, and diamond earrings.

She adores black—"it's so good for the skin"—and likes tobacco-brown for daytime, though never in the evening. Her favourite evening colours are white, gold, and grey-blue. She seldom wears prints, and never wears big skirts —"I'd look as if I ought to have a rose in my teeth and be dancing a flamenco." Her daytime accessories are almost always black or brown alligator; in the evening, she wears satin shoes, embroidered or not, dyed to match her dresses. Most of her shoes are made by Roger Vivier. She doesn't wear coloured shoes in the daytime—now. Once during the war, happening to find herself in Madrid, she went to see Balenciaga; she was wearing blue shoes and carrying a blue handbag. She had expected a joyful reception. Instead, Balenciaga looked at her and said, with anguish, "You, Gloria—in blue shoes?" She has never worn them since.

Although she's not afraid of looking dramatic on occasion see the Givenchy coq-feather dress on page 53—she hates anything pretentious, any extraneous deta her clothes have a basic simplicity and purity of line. The term "throwaway elegance" could have been coined for her. Some of her pensées on fashion are: "Fur coats should look like cloth coats." "The richer the material, the poorer the dress should be"-"poor" meaning here, of course, understated, lean in cut. "One should have an embroidered dress only once every two years."

About make-up: "I love make-up—nothing is uglier than a woman who appears at night without it; she looks undressed." Mrs. Guinness likes a pale, transparent make-up for herself, and although she spends a good deal of time in the sun, never tans; "with the proper make-up you can protect your skin." She wears hats and scarfs for added protection—one of her favourite sun-hats being a jaunty straw from the Palm Beach five-and-ten (shown in Vogue in July, 1960).

As this is written, she is conferring with Givenchy about clothes for her annual visit to Palm Beach this winter—like most really well-dressed women, she seldom takes a dress exactly the way it comes from the drawingboard; she wants a collar changed here, a sleeve there, or a switch of colour. Since her year is divided between Paris, Switzerland, Normandy, Palm Beach, and the Riviera, she keeps a few clothes in each place—her Riviera depot being the yacht, "Calypso," where most of her summer playclothes are stored. In Switzerland, she lives in Chanel suits.

She enjoys clothes because they're a part of life, and she enjoys life. It is this quality of enjoyment, of enthusiasm, that, among other things, endears her to her friends. "Wherever she is," said one, "you feel comfortable, relaxed, and glad to be there. A luxurious background isn't really necessary to her at all—she makes her own atmosphere. If she were entertaining three or four people in a whitewashed cell, she'd find some new way of arranging things that would be attractive. And whatever there was to eat and drink, there'd be a lot of ita feeling of abondance."

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#### 20 QUESTIONS

(Continued from page 100)

vellous coat-dresses, perhaps one navy-blue piped in tobacco in a heavy silk linen, or one of those chameleon fabrics that look like linen. Or a reversible silk print, brown on white in the dress, white on brown in the coat or jacket. The head might be bared or hatted simply, perhaps in a felt or straw cloche like the one on page 45, probably a little more flowery farther from the east. Chamois, white, beige, or shadesof-nut gloves, probably about eight- or twelve-button based on the sleeve length; leather shoes, black or browns or beige-ish; bold jewellery; all aimed at a welldressed daytime look. At any luncheon party, a woman should not look as though she were dressed against the time of day.

## 16. What lingerie goes with culottes?

There are some beguiling short and lacy pantaloons that reach a few inches above the knee and are entirely comfortable under culottes. Culotte slips that turn into loose-legged pants somewhere above the knee and panty girdles, long-legged or brief, firm and light, also answer nicely. With slit skirts, a colour clash of lingerie ought to be avoided, and best of all, there are side-slit slips and petticoats in as many colours as paint. With white suits and dresses in the forefront now, a new idea is pale straw-coloured lingerie—a good way too, incidentally, of preventing those sometimes-visible slip and brassière lines under chiffon.

### 17. Should one have a tired fur coat transformed?

If it has had its use, the answer is unhesitatingly yes, even if all that comes out of the transformation is a muffler or collar. Hoarding a fur coat or jacket that will never make a come-back is just wasted fashion space. The only thing to think over twice is the choice of the furrier-surgeon to cut the coat down; it's an operation that demands the best man with the strongest design sense and fur technique.

# 18. Is it correct for the hostess to wear evening pants and overblouses at lit-

#### tle dinner parties in town?

Some of the most appealing women we know love them for athome dinners with a few friends, but they all agree that evening pants can't go out of doors, except perhaps to walk the dog. The way one hostess sees this kind of costume is dripping with jewellery to keep it from looking island She wears with her evening pants inch-thick straw-soled Japanese slippers with velvet thongs, or medium-heeled sandals-never flat shoes. Out of town, Southampton, the Caribbean, the Mediterranean, pants can get around to more places.

## 19. Just what is the look of this season's suit?

It has the brightest range of good looks in several seasons. There's no one star among jackets: the short mid-hip one, collarless with a new back yoke and dropped shoulders, is new now. On the other hand, the jacket chopped at the waist certainly hasn't disappeared. For the woman who feels dizzy at this height of jacket, there are those that dive agilely down to the lower hipline. In fact, one of the most dashing suit jackets, really a coat, goes to even

further lengths, seven-eighths; and there's that recent breed of suits with full-length coats instead of jackets. Skirts go softly straight—sometimes loosely, slightly gathered at the front waistband—or widely pleated. What every 1961 suit has, almost without exception, are three-quarter or shorter sleeves, a new twist of non-chalance, and clear, emphatic colour.

## 20. Is it all right to wear a zipper in the evening?

What's that again—20 of the most asked fashion questions? Well, actually it's the least asked, but it's a perfect example of the kind of fashion confusion we feel is overly self-conscious. This zipper, it turned out, was on the fly-front jacket of a brocade theatre suit; its presence was a secret except for the wearer, and the suit looked marvellous. The owner wanted our assurance that the long arm of fashion wouldn't reach out and point accusingly at the zipper as though it were as inappropriate for a theatre evening as a bikini. We said we didn't think it was. unless, of course, the zipper didn't work. A woman with any fashion spine, we said, would simply forget it and enjoy the play.

#### HOW TO BE A CALORIE CHISELER

(Continued from page 97)

starter, take a low-calorie mayonnaise (Milani's Whipped Dressing, Balanaise, Lowmay. Dia-Mel
or the like) and blend in some
ketchup or chili sauce (there are
low-calorie brands at health food
stores. Balanced is one. Cellu another), and any one or more of
Milani's Italian or French or Bleu
Cheese Dressing, or Trim, or One
Calorie or any of the many others.
This way you get wonderful dips
for the rabbit food the convinced
chiseler always eats before dinner
with his Scotch on the rocks.

A final word: cookbooks. Use them wisely and often. They will teach you and train you, not merely to make the things they propose, but to go on from there, free-wheeling and creative. My wife says that anybody who knows how to read can cook. With her creativeness, she can afford to say such things. But there is truth in it, and I commend to you these books:

Ruth West's Stop Dieting! Start Losing!

Martin Lederman's Slim Gourmet, or The Joys of Eating Adelle Davis's Let's Cook It Right
Leonard Louis Levinson's Complete Book of Low Calorie
Cooking

Myra Waldo's Complete Low-Calorie Cook Book

I love the first two for their titles, though all six are good books. But whoever could dream up "Stop Dieting! Start Losing!" or invent the Skinny Feinschmecker is surely a Post-Graduate Doctor Chiselorum.

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Weber's Whole Wheat Cup Cakes (Made by Weber's Bakery, Runnemede, New Jersey)

Dia-Mel Sugarless Diet Wise Sweet Cakes

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Claybourne Diet Pack Tomato
Soup
Claybourne Diet Pack Mushroom
Soup
Campbell's Beef Broth

Campbell's Beet Broth Manischewitz Borshtch

Flavourings

Instant Aspic Base
Instant Onion Base
Instant Vege Base
Bakon Yeast
Ac'cent
McCormick's imitation brandy
flavour
Lawry's Seasoned Salt

Sweeteners

Sucaryl, Sweeta, Saxin

Dietetic Jams and Jellies

Slenderella, Louis Sherry, Dia-Mel Sauces

Tillie Lewis or Dia-Mel low-calorie chocolate syrup

Choc-low

Mott's dietetic apple sauce

Top-Wip or Lucky Whip (fake whipped cream)

Milani's Low-Calorie Whipped,
Trim, Balanaise, Lowmay, or
Dia-Mel low-calorie mayonnaise
Milani's low-calorie dressings:
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Balanced or Cellu low-calorie chili sauces

Diet Delight, Trim, or One-Calorie dressings

Soya Sauce

Cheese

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Oils-Magela, Wassen, or Hain

Oils—Mazola, Wesson, or Hain Saf-flower seed

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**PLUS** 

Dannon Yogurt
D-Zerta puddings
Vi-gor Cup
White House evaporated skim
milk
Carnation non-fat dry milk
Diet Delight canned fruits

#### "A LITTLE GRACE"

(Continued from page 61)

educated. I even like Saint Jerome because he was so cross that other desert monks found it difficult to get on with him, surely a severe penance for a man hurrying toward heaven. And who could resist Blessed Fra Angelico of whom Michelangelo exclaimed, "He must have gone to Paradise for his models!" That little monk painted only as God directed him and never touched a picture after it was finished because that would not have been His will. I smile at Vasari's remark about him: "He was never seen in anger by the friars, which is a great thing, and seems to be almost impossible to believe." But Vasari, inspired gossip that he was, went on believing it because it seems to have been true. And indeed, it is a great thing to be both a saint and an artist. The one career would seem to dissolve the other, each being in its way an exclusive dedication.

Writing, on the other hand, seems less difficult to reconcile with virtue although, like Vasari, I find it "almost impossible to believe." Many of the saints wrote like angels, from Augustine himself to Francis of Sales, patron now of journalists (and what a comedown the journalism of today must be to him, most exquisite of stylists!). Teresa, John of the Cross, Ambrose, surly Jerome, Anthony, Dominic, old Boniface, Bede the historian, Columba the poet, Thomas More, and a hundred others, were distinguished writers, sometimes true geniuses. One of my pets among the authors is Elisha, an early Desert Father, who carolled like a thrush and is credited with writing thirty thousand songs. If Elisha's claim seems excessive, I am not abashed. There is much in hagiography that sounds absurd and I relish the absurd along with the magnificent.

I like to be told that Saint Gothard is supposed to have hung his cloak on a sunbeam when he could not find a hook, and that Nicholas the Pilgrim was a shepherd who kept his sheep calm by singing them the "Kyrie Eleison." I am fond of Sabrinus who understood the language of birds, and preached to them note by note; and of Datius who made fun of the Devil and vanquished him by mockery. It takes a saint to turn the devil's weapon against him so skillfully. The first biographers wrote in the earliest days of faith when miracles were all around them, happening every day.

So if they pinned an extra

ornament or two on their subjects,

it was only in a spirit of good will, a sort of spiritual metaphor. Besides, who could invent a character such as Christina the Astonishing? This saint was particularly charitable and served the poor and the ill with devotion but she had a failing. She could not bear the stench of unwashed human flesh. Since her parishioners consisted chiefly of mediaeval peasants, their aura was constantly with her and it seems a peculiar asceticism indeed that kept her persevering in their care. There she would be, binding up the wounds of some villager or tending a sick farm wife when suddenly her delicate nose would become so helplessly offended that she must rush out of doors to draw a breath of clean air. She was constantly begging her less fastidious friends not to press too near. Still, she went on dispensing charity until she died. It was only had spent a hard long day feedat her own funeral that she misbehaved. So many people crowded into the church to pay their last respects that the coffin with poor Christina in it went bounding up to the top of the building in one last desperate attempt to escape the odour of humanity. It seems that the priest had to turn from the altar and order her to descend from the rafters "which she did meekly." One hopes she now walks among lilies.

But if I take pleasure in the eccentric and absurd, I am not an entirely impartial watcher. Some of the most mighty and influential saints rather put me off. I acknowledge their virtue. But I can not love Saint Paula, for one,

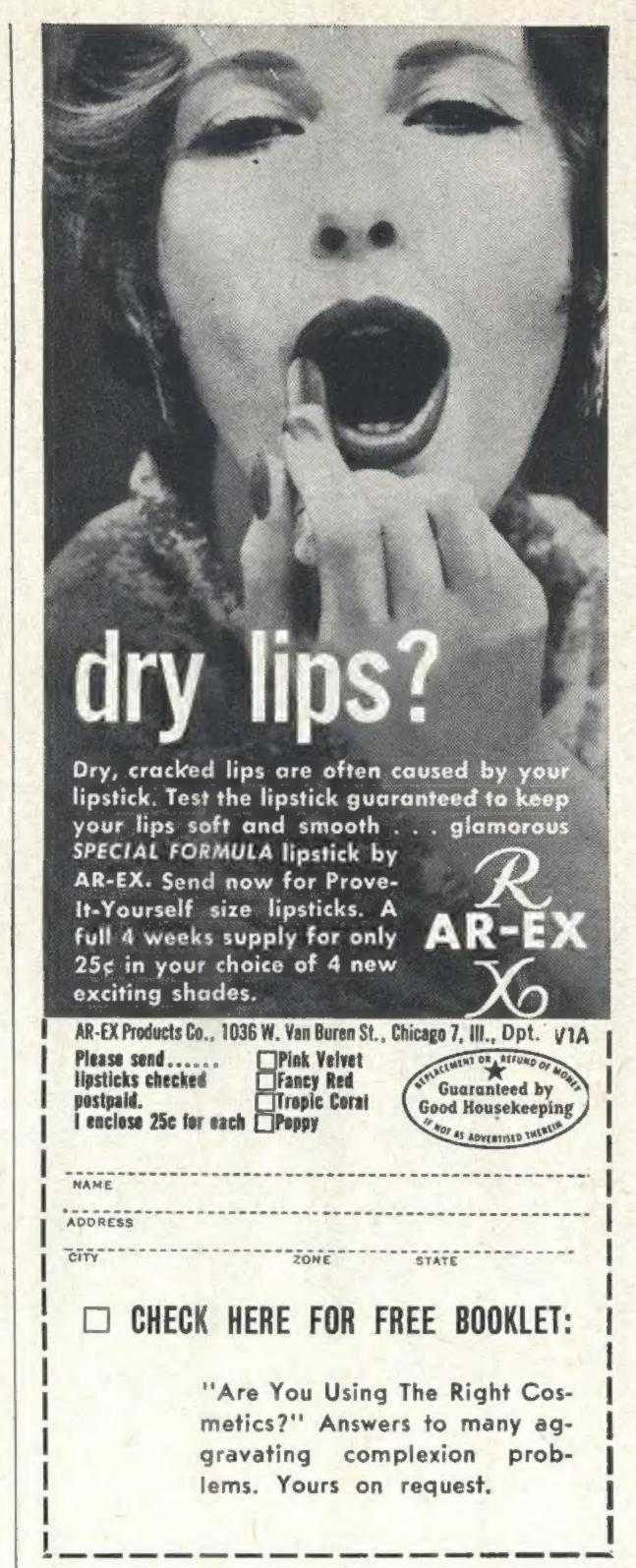
with my whole heart, because, strong-minded Roman matron that she was, she left her children behind her when she followed Jerome to celibacy in the desert. I suppose the boy and the girl, Toxotious and Rufiana, had relatives and nurses to look after them for Paula was very wealthy, indeed. And I suppose too, there is not much difference between deserting your children and eloping from your parent's roof like Clare, when she took the Franciscan habit one starry night in Assisi. I simply do not find in Paula the tenderness one expects from saints.

Charles Borromeo is too steely for my taste, Rose of Lima too extravagant in her mortifications, and Theresa of Lisieux too incorrigibly girlish to give me comfort. But the rewarding thing about watching saints is that there are so many of them, far more than enough to go around. And for every fanatic or bore among them, there are a thousand delightful ones to adopt as friends.

There is Bridget who gave away everything in her own house and in the house of her father and eventually of the king himself, and to any beggar passing by. She even managed to make the forces of nature cooperate with her in giving. For the story goes that once when she and her community ing the poor-when they had disposed of every loaf of bread, every egg from their hens, every pear from their trees, word came that the Seven Bishops of Cabinteely were on their way to visit her and would expect hospitality. The nuns were atwitter. What would their Reverences think of a convent so stripped of food for the episcopal table? Bridget didn't turn a hair.

"Go out and ask the hens kindly to lay more eggs," she told one sister. "Speak to the treessee what they have left in the way of fruit," she advised another. "Talk gently to the cows and beg them for a little milk."

(Continued on page 104)



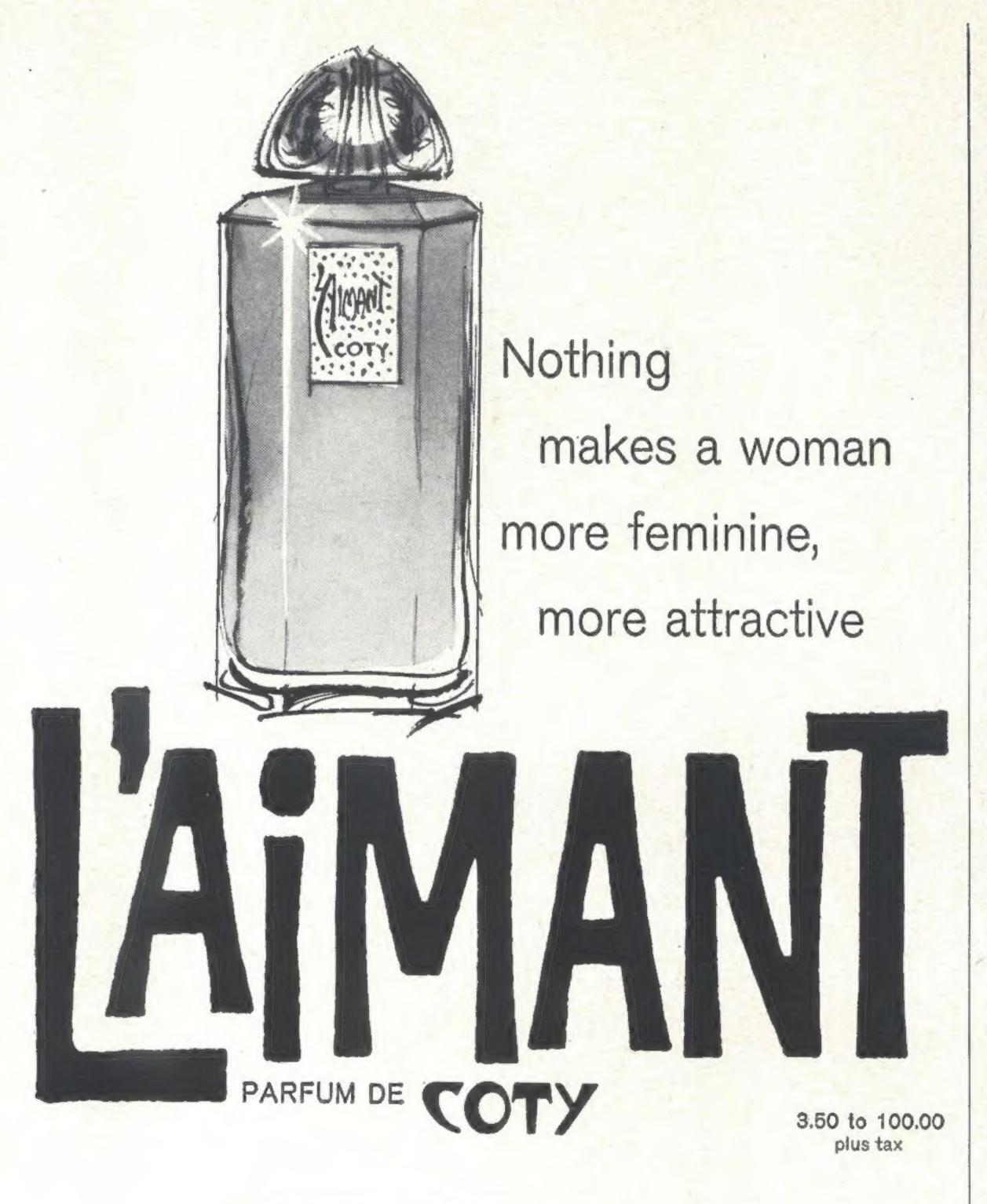
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#### "A LITTLE GRACE"

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(Continued from page 103)

She herself went into the kitchen, poked the fire, opened the oven, and there on the hearth sat a number of beautifully baked loaves, hot and crusty. The hens cackled and gave eggs. The cows let down more milk. The trees shook their branches and apples and pears fell into the nuns' aprons. And the seven bishops that evening vowed they had never in their lives sat down to a handsomer feast.

There is, on the more historic side, Philip Neri, expounding one of the basic tenets of progressive education: "If you wish to be obeyed, you must appear not to be giving orders."

There is Pius X who was such a worry to his valet because he would give away all his shirts. There is Thomas the Doubter who ennobled his fault of scepticism by admitting it and repenting, and who seems very close to us in this era. There are the glorious strugglers like Joan of Arc, and the

great preachers like Robert Bellarmine who loved the "undeserving poor." There are the martyrs and the simple men of prayer, the ignorant and the learned, the stern and the mild. There are, to return to my first figure of speech, all the birds of field and air to be watchedthrushes, robins, wrens, doves, hummingbirds, woodpeckers, even cheeky sparrows like Dom John Bosco who set up his homes for boys by sheer exuberance and effrontery.

And if I can not learn how to fly like them or sing like them, I can learn a little of their ways. I can study the courtesy of Francis, the generosity of Bridget, the unpretentiousness of Philip, the self-command of Augustine, the kindness of Thomas, or that merriment in the face of adversity which was peculiarly Teresa's. It gives me, I repeat, an occupation and I hope it will at length give me a little grace.

tip-a fifteen-minute plane ride from San Juan-the new attraction is Frenchman's House. On a quiet, lonely hilltop, the sixtyyear-old plantation house, plump, white, and balconied, looks out over cookie-cut white beaches, marble-smooth green sea, and peaceful meadows with Brahman cows grazing under palms. In keeping with its colonial past, the tall, uncluttered bedrooms have pukkah ceiling fans, four-poster, black iron beds hung with starched white swags, and since the remodelling, screened windows and new bathrooms. The bar, a jungly thatched hut, is off the patio, splashed with glossy plants, big as trees. The swimming pool is in the back garden. Horsedrawn carriages shuttle the guests to the beach, a half-mile below; riders may use the hotel's palomino horses; the favourite ride is to the lagoons. As the hotel has only twenty-two rooms, reservations are necessary; a single room with breakfast and dinner, \$15 a day. The round-trip on the twinengine Cessna from San Juan costs \$13 for one person. Five miles away from Frenchman's House, the landing field is naked as a desert island, except for the weathered shack which sells iced soft drinks, Puerto Rican beer, and candy. At one stretch along the hibiscus-edged road to the hotel, lip-red flowering flamboyant trees form an intensely dark tunnel. In the town, quiet Isabella Segunda, barnyard noises suddenly scream skywards from the sheltered patios of sun-baked, balconied little houses.

Along the southern coast

On the island's south side, now being developed, stands the Villa Parguera Hotel, a short spread of white buildings with blue roofs on the edge of the quiet fishing-village after which it was named. In front of the hotel, like a terrace, is the oversize salt-water pool, and, moored along the quays, the lineup of cabin cruisers for game fishing have fighting chairs, ship-to-shore radios and telephones. Rates, including a guide and assistant, range from \$50 a day, depending upon the size of the boat, 32 to 42 feet. Every night at eight-thirty, a boat sails to fascinating Phosphorescent Bay, half an hour away. Note: these neon-blue waters seem to drip with opals as the fishes dart in out of the boat's wake, give their best performance on moonless nights. Other shore pleasures: collectors' sea shells and driftwood; clumps of offshore islands where guests go for reef-fishing and picnics. No night life in the fishing village except on Saturday night, when a calypso combo of University students plays at the hotel. A single room—simple, airconditioned, and with bath-\$5 to \$10 a day through May 14; summer rates are less. In the dining room with a wall of windows facing the Caribbean, the specialty is sea food; the prices are not expensive. To go: Caribair flies daily from San Juan to Ponce; twenty-five minutes, \$6 one way; by taxi from Ponce to La Par guera, \$10; or, by públicos, Puerto Rico's fast, five-passenger limousines, fifty cents a person.

#### HAWAII (Continued from page 86)

the hotel has all the rooms facing den, with its own beach, the house the ocean, with lanais and a perpetual breeze. In addition, the surfing is good and there are lovely walks on the twenty-eight acres of grounds, resembling a wildflower garden. A short span from the quiet main house, and on the beach, are the restaurant, the long bar, the cabañas and pool. A single room with three meals, \$20 a day; without meals, \$16. (Rates are the same all year.)

On the south side at Poipu, known for its curve of white sandy beach, quiet waters for swimming, and where the sky is rarely cloudy, the big Hotel Halekulani of Honolulu will rent to guests a rambling, old-fashioned bungalow. Surrounded by a palmy gar-

has three double bedrooms and one single, each with bath; this arrangement includes maid-service, costs \$50 a day. Cooks, however, are extra, cost \$1 an hour.

#### One on the "big island"

On the leeward and western side of Hawaii, the "big island," the Kona coast is as gay and informal as the south of France in August. Near the fishing pier, the focus of activity at Kona, stands the new Kamehameha Hotel, a slow curve of some hundred rooms around a white beach. Single rooms from \$20 with three meals; \$14, without meals.

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